EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

REMEMBERING MENCKEN: JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

THE Nation

FEBRUARY 11, 1956
20c

Call Me "Foster"

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Top G.O.P. Alternate: Herter of Massachusetts

by Robert C. Bergenheim

Tragedy Writ in Water

by David Cort

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New New Orleans: A Chance for Decency

New Orleans

ALTHOUGH the neon cabaret signs still give the old wrought-iron balconies a red-hot glow in the sinful night, changes are taking place in the Crescent City. The Victorian, gingerbread fronts along the wide business artery of Canal Street are giving way to smooth structures of glass and steel. On the outskirts of the city, fishing camps and hunting lodges have been displaced by factory sites and housing developments. Broad neutral grounds, once adorned with azaleas and tropical palms, have been narrowed to provide new lanes for traffic. All is boom and bustle. And amid this stir, a new attitude seems to be enriching the storied sophistication of New Orleanians—an attitude more offensive to professional purists in rural Louisiana and neighboring states than dice, whiskey or sex.

In mid-November a group of board members of the Southern Conference Educational Fund, an anti-segregation organization whose headquarters are in New Orleans, decided that an appropriate event for Human Rights Day would be a forum on school integration. This idea gained wide support, and soon there were more than a hundred sponsors. The mayor's office agreed to issue a proclamation declaring December 10-15 Human Rights Week. The Orleans Parish school board granted permission for use of a school auditorium.

But the proclamation was not forthcoming. Instead, on December 6, the New Orleans Young Men's Business Club passed a resolution urging a boycott of the forum, calling attention to the attack made on the educational fund by Senator Eastland's Internal Security subcommittee. The school board thereupon rescinded its grant of the auditorium, but it dared not slam the door completely on the project. "There are some very substantial people on the forum," one member warned his colleagues. The board announced it would consider an application if the sponsors held a meeting "on their own, with no connection with" the SCEF.

One sponsor, Mrs. Anne K. Weitz, a social worker, told the business men's club: "By your efforts to 'boycott' public discussion, it seems to me that you are increasing the level of emotionalism surrounding this problem; that you are using exactly the techniques you profess to deplore. To disguise your rather obvious fear of integration by promoting the red herring of 'Communist front' is scarcely democratic." The rest of the sponsors backed this point of view. They refused to jettison the SCEF, they voted to continue plans for the forum, and they elected a special committee to take the board up on its offer. A United Packinghouse Workers of America program coordinator, the chaplain of a Negro university, a business man, and two prominent clubwomen went to the school board and asked for the auditorium "as individuals." The New Orleans representative of the American Civil Liberties Union endorsed the request. After a period of stalling that forced postponement of the forum, the board yielded. (No such shilly-shallying occurred when the local White Citizens Council sought to hold meetings at various schools.) On the night of December 15, despite a last-minute telephone campaign of abuse and threats, the forum was held and was well attended. The discussion marked the first sympathetic public airing of the integration issue; the audience was the first to use a public-school facility on a non-segregated basis.

AT THE same time that the school board was seeking to "pocket veto" the forum it was also battling the demand for integration brought in federal court by the NAACP. On December 10—Human Rights Day, ironically—it submitted to a three-judge court a brief which contended that desegregation of the city's schools would lower educational standards and create a health menace. The board enclosed statements by various medical officials quoting the high incidence of illegitimacy and venereal disease among Negroes. Three psychiatrists also speculated on the "traumatic damage" that might result if white and Negro children went to school together. However, the wind had been largely taken out of this argument by the refusal of the Orleans Parish Medical Society to go along. The society's executive board sought to put the members on record as "being of the opinion that it would be a distinct health hazard to integrate the races in the schools of Orleans Parish." But such was rank-and-file opposition to the resolution that it was withdrawn without ever getting to the floor. One doctor reportedly said, "Let's bury the whole thing." And another replied, "How can you bury something that stinks so bad?"

ON ANOTHER level, the Roman Catholic church in its New Orleans and rural Louisiana dioceses has been insisting that progress be made toward racial integration, despite the opposition of influential laymen. The excommunication of three women who attacked the teacher of an interracial catechism class gained wide notice. The three were subsequently forgiven after they did penance. Another widely publicized incident was the refusal of a rural congregation in St. Bernard Parish, near New Orleans, to permit a Negro priest to say mass. The priest who was turned away said that policemen were among the group barring his entry into the church. This is not surprising, since that section

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1955
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THE Nation

EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

The Shape of Things

The News from Fresno

It is not surprising that stories of the California Democratic Council meeting in Fresno, California, dominated the news of an uncommonly uneventful weekend. The council meetings are always a good show, for represented at them are not the stuffy top-drawer "leaders" of the Democratic Party but the enthusiastic amateurs who have always been its life-blood in California. Suffering from years of severe in-fighting and a chronic inability to project first-rate candidates, the Democratic Party in California has shown clear signs of recovering the promise it exhibited in the period from 1938 to 1944. The council is one of the major instrumentalities which has brought about this recovery.

As might have been expected, the Stevenson elements were in the ascendancy but—nor is this surprising—Senator Kefauver was somewhat closer to the real sentiment of the delegates. For these are active liberal Democrats, who on such issues as civil rights must feel somewhat disappointed by the calculated moderation which Mr. Stevenson exhibits nowadays. Mr. Stevenson, of course, is preoccupied with winning the nomination; he has not moderated his views so much perhaps, as he has chosen to speak softly until after the convention. But it just could be that he has miscalculated the force and sharpness of the feeling, particularly in California, on civil rights and a number of related issues. He would be well-advised, indeed, to keep his ear close to the pulse beat of the rank and file of his party in California which is probably as good a cross section of the party nationally as can be found in any single state.

Ban the Bomb Tests

The case for suspending further H-bomb tests has a special timeliness which one may hope was carefully weighed in the discussions between Sir Anthony Eden and Messrs. Dulles and Strauss in Washington. Even those nations unwilling to negotiate a suspension of further tests at this time plead special circumstances to justify their non-concurrence. The British, for example, want to explode their own H-bomb before agreeing to suspend tests. Our own unwillingness to enter into such an agreement at this time stems, among other considerations, from the fact that the latest Russian H-bomb was exploded in the air while ours was exploded from a tower; therefore we must explode one in the air ourselves, so it is said, before we can agree to a suspension. But the British would not be so anxious to explode a bomb of their own if we were willing to share our nuclear wisdom with them. And we should not feel too distressed by the fact that the Russians have exploded an H-bomb in the air while we have not. For, according to Senator Bricker, a member of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Power, we now have "that number" of hydrogen bombs sufficient to wipe out the human race.

Arguments based on special circumstances can be conjured up indefinitely; if too much attention is given to them we will never get agreement. Today the advantage may be ours; tomorrow it may be with the Russians; the day after it may rest with West Germans. The time to agree to a suspension of tests is at such a moment as the present when neither side is too far behind the other to feel that its assent is being coerced nor too far ahead to feel satisfied with its advantage. The late Willie Bioff, an ex-gangster of Chicago-Cicero-Hollywood background, who was assassinated by unnamed but efficient killers in Arizona some time back, often said: "when the fix is equal, justice must prevail." This was only his way of saying, of course, that when the odds are about even is a pretty good time not to try pressing one's luck or advantage too far.

Planning for Disaster

For a variety of reasons, the city of Los Angeles is one of the most vulnerable atomic targets of any of our larger cities. Officialdom and citizenry are acutely conscious of the fact and, as might be expected, the staging of alerts and the preparation of "disaster plans" have been a major civic pastime for a great many years. Indeed the city had its own "major disaster plan" years prior to the onset of the nuclear age.

Recently the fast Santa Fe *San Diegan* failed to round a sharp curve a short distance from the Los Angeles station. Thirty were killed and a hundred or more wounded in this disaster—a minor one when measured against today's H-bomb potentialities. How did this disaster-conscious, thoroughly alerted and rehearsed city react to the challenge of tragedy? When a need for volunteers at the scene was reported, the police promptly sounded a "Sigalert," in accordance with which broadcasts go out immediately over television and radio networks in cases of catastrophe. In a matter of minutes the scene of the train wreck was one of almost complete chaos. The number of individuals showing up with press passes was of such magnitude as to

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suggest that Los Angeles is populated exclusively by working journalists. Over the years the Los Angeles police, when confronted with any novel situation, have never waited for orders before starting to swing their clubs; on this occasion they swung fiercely, blindly and in all directions. A veteran press photographer from the Los Angeles *Times* was assaulted by stick-happy officers. In itself this is a measure of the confusion that prevailed, since *Times* photographers and newsmen have enjoyed privileges and immunities that the Los Angeles police have never accorded councilmen, magistrates, movie stars or other fat cats. The offense was so unprecedented, in fact, that several Republican Congressmen demanded an F. B. I. investigation to determine whether the "civil rights" of the photographer had been violated.

The real disaster in Los Angeles was not the train wreck but the alarm which it precipitated. On the sober morrow of the accident, Councilwoman Rosalind Wyman moved for an investigation and suggested that it might be a good idea to find out if civil defense had, perhaps, "a crew known as a disaster crew." The incident should be a warning to federal as well as local officials that one of the disasters communities need to be concerned about is the institutionalization of their deep fears in the form of rigid disaster plans that precipitate the panic and confusion they are supposed to guard against.

The Montgomery Boycott

The boycott of transit buses by the Negro residents of Montgomery, Alabama, has caused a fantastically inept city commission to join forces with the White Citizens Council. Soon after this dubious union came the bombings of the homes of two Negro leaders. Since December 5 some 40,000 Negroes in the "Cradle of the Confederacy" have declined to patronize the bus line, in protest against seating practices that allow drivers to uproot Negro riders at will (see *The Nation*, December 24, 1955). They are not challenging segregation per se, but are only seeking a first-come, first-served allocation of seats on a racial basis. They have formed a jitney service of several hundred cars, have shared rides, and have simply walked. The solidarity, the good order and the high spirits they demonstrate are what especially gall local white supremacists. The seating arrangement they demand is that existing in most Southern cities.

The Montgomery city commission began a sequence of stupidities by declaring flatly that the requested change was contrary to the segregation ordinance—although the ordinance makes no specification as to how the races should be separated. Then Mayor "Tacky" Gayle appointed a committee of whites and Negroes to study the problem, but his naming two Citizens Council chieftains to the group insured that negotiations would be fruitless. After it became apparent that the Negroes were not going to be worn into submission by time alone, Police Commissioner Clyde Sellers, amid great fanfare, signed with the Central Alabama Citizens Council.

On January 21 the city commission said it had conferred with Negro leaders and bus-company representatives, and issued a detailed arrangement for seating which presumably had the approval of all sides. It subsequently developed that the three Negro ministers at the "conference" had thought they were being summoned for other reasons and had not agreed to anything. And no spokesman of the bus line had been present. Nevertheless, when the boycotters rejected the proposal, Mayor Gayle made a great cry about "bad faith" and declared that he was through "pussyfooting" with the situation. He announced that he and the third member of the commission had joined Commissioner Sellers in the ranks of the Citizens Council.

Immediately thereafter, an "avalanche" of congratulatory messages was reported at city hall. W. C. C. headquarters said new members were coming in by the hundreds. Police, acting under explicit "get-tough" instructions, began harassing Negro jitney drivers, and one of the boycott leaders, the twenty-seven-year-old Reverend Martin Luther King, was stopped twice within a few blocks before traffic officers decided he was speeding and hauled him to headquarters for fingerprinting. The night of January 30, either a grenade or a stick of dynamite was hurled against King's house, destroying the front part. No one was hurt.

Mayor Gayle and Commissioner Sellers both made speedy appearances on the scene to denounce such violence. They posted a $500 reward for the capture of the bombers, and this offer was matched by their fraternity brothers of the W. C. C. On February 1 five Negro women filed suit in federal court to have the state and city travel-segregation laws declared unconstitutional. (One of them was subsequently pressured into withdrawing her name.) The same night a blast was set off in front of the home of a local labor leader who is a past president of the Alabama NAACP.

Whether the explosions or the portent of the legal action have jolted Montgomery out of a rising state of hysteria cannot be judged at this writing. Senator "Voice of the South" Eastland was scheduled to make a public address on February 9—an event not conducive to sanity. And Montgomery's white ministerial association, a powerful force in this God-fearing city, is currently absorbed in enforcing the blue laws against Sunday operation of grocery stores.

"Achievement Lag"

In his newspaper column of February 1, David Lawrence called attention to tests made in the District of Columbia schools which are supposed to demonstrate that the achievement level has fallen since Negro and white children were put in the same classes. The inference would seem to be that a new kind of discrim-

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ination has replaced racial discrimination, namely, discrimination against brighter youngsters in favor of the less bright. To this conclusion a general caveat may be entered on several grounds. In the first place, youngsters from low-income groups often make poor showings in initial achievement test after being transferred to better schools; it takes time for them to respond to more favorable educational opportunities. Since 64 per cent of the pupils in Washington are Negroes, one might reasonably expect the average in achievement tests to fall somewhat below the previous average for white, segregated schools. Negro students in segregated schools are likely not to perform at the same level as their white contemporaries for reasons which have nothing to do with racial differences, such as inadequate and second-rate equipment, overcrowded classrooms, insufficient quantities of books and teaching materials and inadequate or non-existent services for atypical hard-of-hearing or crippled children or pupils requiring remedial reading. The consequences of this educational inheritance cannot be overcome in a school term. Uncritically interpreted post-integration tests of this kind can work a second injustice to Negro students in areas that formerly adhered to a policy of segregation. Having handicapped these youngsters by shunting them into inferior schools, it would now be most unfair to pass judgment on their learning ability without taking this handicap into account.

Maneuvering for a Majority

Both the Communists and the Catholic Popular Republicans joined the Republican front bloc in confirming Socialist Guy Mollet as the new Premier of France. This was due largely to the adroitness of Mollet's policy statement, which promised largesse for almost all sections of the Assembly. But it is obvious that this situation cannot continue indefinitely; nor do the Socialists expect it to. The word from Paris is that Mollet intends to make a deal with the Catholics on the one burning issue which separates them: the question of state financial aid to the Catholic schools. Once an agreement is reached, Mollet plans deliberately to precipitate the downfall of the present government, which consists almost exclusively of Socialists and Mendesiste Radicals, and to form a new coalition Cabinet which would include the Popular Republicans. The seventy-three votes of the Catholic group, while less than half of the Communists, would nevertheless be sufficient for the working majority which Mollet needs to continue in office.

All of this planning is predicated, of course, upon the Mollet government's ability, in the meantime, to avert a war in North Africa. The Premier's visit to Algeria—the fact that he makes this trip only a few days after his induction to office is proof enough of the urgency of the situation—will do more to decide the fate of the present government than any amount of paper politics.

February 11, 1956

Left Fetishism

Since the autumn of 1955, Pierre Herve, erstwhile Communist deputy in the French Assembly, has ceased to exercise the functions of chief of propaganda for the French Communist Party. Herve, forty-two and a Doctor of Letters, is now a teacher. In his extracurricular time, he has written a book, *Revolution and Fetishes (La Revolution et les fetiches)* which should give his colleagues a thing or two to think about. While reaffirming his faith in Marxism, Herve takes a solid poke at the "ideological extremism" practiced, according to him, by "certain intellectuals" in the name of communism. The book is important because Herve is the best known, in France, of an increasing number of independent-minded and literate faithful who have been taking issue with the creed lately. There follow a few paragraphs from his book which might, in less relaxed times, have provoked his immediate political excommunication:

> There is a tendency [within the party] toward an absolute ideology which, in its rigorous application, forbids the raising of the issue of truth and falsehood.
>
> . . . . It is not true that a party is a church outside which there is no salvation.
>
> There are no rules of reasoned thinking which are viable for the bourgeois and not for the proletarian.
>
> It is impossible to judge the value of a work of art, that is to say its profound truth, by simple reference to the character of the society in which it is born. . . . It was a foregone conclusion that everything coming from the United States—the novels of Faulkner, Hemingway, Caldwell—was rotten, whereas everything coming from the Soviet Union—the most pedestrian novels, notably those panned by Soviet critics as doctrinaire and boring—had a direct link with socialism.
>
> Marxism in no way excludes the right to make mistakes; if it did, it would also exclude the right to seek the truth.
>
> . . . . A civilization cannot open itself to Marxism if Marxism on the march does not open itself to what is worthwhile in that civilization.

Herve's provocative book may well be some sort of trial balloon. The dissenting utterances of a member in good standing may well encourage fledgling intellectuals to stay within the party, whereas his excommunication —as indicative of a rigid intellectual policy—might cause disaffection, especially among the Communist youth. What the French Communists will do about Herve is decidedly worth watching.

Out of Kafka

As Dr. Robert M. Hutchins, president of the Fund for the Republic, pointed out last week at the dinner given in his honor by the American Jewish Congress in New York, there is "something out of Kafka or Alice-*Through the Looking Glass*" in the present political atmosphere. "How can it be possible," he asked, "to

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get into trouble in the United States by defending and advancing the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution and the Bill of Rights? The United States *is* these documents. Without them this country is merely a piece of land between Canada and Mexico; it is not America."

The Scared Librarian

The most recent illustration of the Kafka-like atmosphere which still prevails in the post-McCarthy period is the weird behavior of the Librarian of Congress, L. Quincy Mumford, an appointee of President Eisenhower, in the case of Albert Sprague Coolidge. A lecturer in chemistry at Harvard, Dr. Coolidge was asked in 1954 to succeed his mother, Elizabeth Sprague Coolidge, as one of three advisers on the $600,000 foundation which she had given to the Library of Congress in 1926 to promote and sustain an interest in chamber music. Since the position of adviser carries a stipend of $250 a year, Dr. Coolidge was submitted to the familiar routines nowadays attached to government employment, including fingerprinting and affirming non-membership in the Communist Party. This year Mumford discreetly suggested to Dr. Coolidge that he decline renomination because of certain "derogatory" information the F. B. I. had turned up about him. Dr. Coolidge replied that he thought he should be given a chance to reply to the information; that the only organization on the Attorney General's list to which he had ever belonged was the North American Committee to Aid Spanish Democracy. The next thing he heard was word that another person had been named as adviser in his place.

Mr. Mumford confirms that Dr. Coolidge has not been renominated because his associations made questionable "the appropriateness" of his appointment. But what standards of "appropriateness" does Mr. Mumford rely upon? Dr. Coolidge would appear to have first-rate qualifications: familiarity with the wishes and intentions of the donor, an active interest in chamber music (he is an accomplished oboist and viola player), and identification with one of this country's outstanding educational institutions. In a letter to the Berkshire *Eagle,* Dr. Coolidge states: "I feel that this episode does not measure up to the dignity with which my mother helped to clothe her foundation by putting it under the auspices of the government of the United States." Nor does it. Here, then, is another of those Kafka-like incidents which demean the American tradition. It is one thing when this tradition is debased by hoodlums or demagogues; it is humiliating, indeed, to note its debasement by a scholar in charge of the Library of Congress.

CALL ME "FOSTER"

Eden Visits Washington . . *by Harold Greer*

Washington

FOR AN old pro, Sir Anthony Eden got badly taken on his trip to Washington last week. Nowhere in the pious "Washington Declaration," or in the fuzzy, say-nothing communique on his talks with President Eisenhower, does the Eden reputation for clarity, conciseness and abhorrence of misunderstanding shine through. Even in his address to the American people, the British Prime Minister managed to belabor the commonplace so much that one viewer was heard to comment that he makes Clem Attlee sound like Orson Welles.

Sir Anthony was admittedly under some pressures of the moment. The need to prove himself to the British voters, who have heard nothing recently except denials that he is to resign, the need to demonstrate the solidarity of the Anglo-American alliance in the face of Bulganin's overtures to President Eisenhower, and the need to prove that he is really very chummy with John Foster Dulles, are together enough to shake the diplomatic touch of the most veteran practitioner. But there was something pathetic about the way he publicly asked Mr. Dulles if he might call him "Foster," and about the way the British delegation seized upon his ship-conference description of the President's reply to Bulganin as "admirable," until it became a stock answer for inquiries. More disturbing is his signature to documents which proclaim unity but disclose disunity, and which singularly fail to respond positively to the central problem now facing Western diplomacy.

THAT problem can be stated in a variety of ways, but to put it as simply as possible, it is the problem of negotiating with Russia on the basis of a military stalemate. It is a curious problem, because the stalemate does not dictate diplomatic sterility; indeed, it tends to encourage freedom of action. It assumes, on the one hand, that neither side is moved by the compulsion of force to give up established positions or to be unduly restrained from fresh diplomatic initiatives by the threat of force; on the other hand, it recognizes there are limitations to this competitive coexistence and that it behooves both sides to seek a negotiation of their differences and the best rapprochement possible under

HAROLD GREER covers Washington and the U. N. for the Toronto Star.

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New Statesman and Nation

Sir Anthony Eden

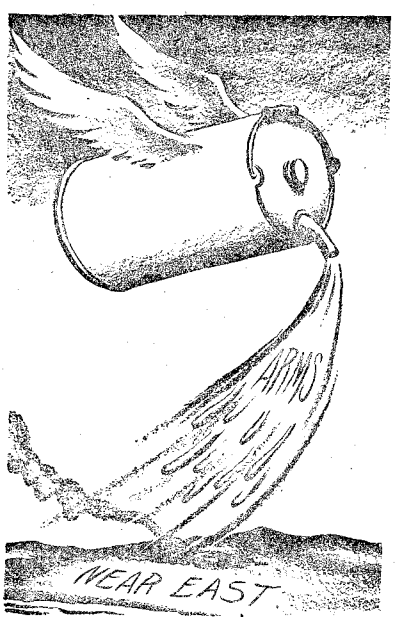
the circumstances. In short, it assumes negotiations and a relaxation of tension are possible without a prior commitment to reform on the part of the Kremlin.

Those were the rules of the game which were established at the Geneva conference and which Soviet policy has since been observing. They are basically the theme of Premier Bulganin's letter to the President, however incongruous the idea of a twenty-year Soviet-American friendship pact may seem to Western minds. Mr. Eisenhower violated the rules when he replied the Soviet Union has broken up the game by failing to agree to Western proposals for German reunification and disarmament. He could not, of course, have accepted the specific Russian proposition but he could have recognized that while some matters are not negotiable at the present time, others—particularly the Middle East—might be.

As an old pro, Sir Anthony knows this as well as any one and his problem on arriving in Washington was to get the Western alliance out from behind the diplomatic eight-ball where it had been placed by the President's pre-meeting reply to the Soviet note. The "Washington Declaration," however, reads like a declaration of holy war against communism; its only saving grace is the assurance by its authors that they will not resolve the world cleavage they describe by force. But this is immediately followed by their promise that they will use their full influence "to assure that Soviet efforts to inflame old antagonisms will not succeed in breaking the peace." Nowhere is there a clear offer to pursue negotiations with Russia. As a document of interest to future historians, this may have some value; but it is too thundering to be of much diplomatic use today and it is even too wordy to make good propaganda.

Similarly, the communique itself looks forward to unremitting cold war. The sections dealing with Europe, South and Southeast Asia and atomic energy are brief statements for the record requiring no comment. But the sections on the Middle East and the Far East, where the situations are more fluid and problems more pressing, read as if negotiations with the Communists are out of the question. The language of both sections suggests the authorship of Mr. Dulles and reflect his preoccupation with the policy of deterrence. But if it pretended to indicate a meeting of British and American minds on policy in these areas, the comments offered by the respective briefing officers to reporters after the final session revealed that it verged on the dishonest.

On the Far East, for example, the Americans were quite happy to have the communique declare that the two leaders are firmly united in their purpose: "to deter and prevent aggressive expansion by force or subversion, and to assist the free nations of the area in their self-defense and in maintaining domestic stability and welfare." They felt this appears at least to cover Formosa and the offshore islands. For the British, of course, it does nothing of the sort. But the British reservations had to be covered by the statement that "after frank discussion, some differences remain in our judgments as to the most effective means to achieve these purposes." The communique further states that strategic trade controls will be reviewed; British spokesmen said this means the China list would be relaxed to permit, in particular, the sale of Malayan rubber to the mainland. But U. S. officials insisted it committed them only to a review and that the British would still have to make a case for specific items.



St. Louis Post-Dispatch

The Soviet Dove

On the Middle East, the communique announced joint discussions, to which France has been invited, will be held regarding the implementation of the Tripartite Declaration of 1954 providing for action by the three powers "both inside and outside the United Nations in the event of the use of force or threat of force or of preparations to violate the frontier or armistice lines" in Palestine. While this quotation is taken from the 1950 declaration, the essence of that document was that it constituted a guarantee of resistance to a resumption of the Arab-Israeli war, either in the form of full-scale fighting or in the form of permanent border encroachments. It was not meant to prevent border incidents or frontier violations, a meaning which the U. S. is now trying to give it and with which the British obviously do not agree. In any event, British officials said, they have agreed only to consult, regardless of what the Americans say about the U. S. Sixth Fleet and British air force on Cyprus.

The emphasis is reversed regarding the communique's announcement that the two governments will consider favorably any necessary "enlargement" of the U. N. truce supervisory organization in Palestine and "improvement of its capabilities." Britain believes this holds the most promise of curtailing and perhaps preventing the armistice violations and frontier incidents which are keeping the Arab-Israeli dispute at a white heat. British officials accordingly emphasized it in their press briefing, but their American counterparts were so unim-

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pressed with it that the New York *Times* did not mention it in its account of the communique. When it is appreciated that the British briefing officer was Selwyn Lloyd and the American briefing officer Foster Dulles, this difference in emphasis takes on some significance.

THE fact remains, however, that a decision was taken to support the formation of U. N. police-type force to patrol the borders of Israel and that it was the only real decision of the conference. This idea is not particularly new; Maj. Gen. E. L. M. Burns of Canada, the truce supervisor, has recommended it in private reports to the U. N. But the difficulty has been one of authority; the function of the truce organization is purely supervisory and it has no enforcement powers. It could not get them without a fresh directive from the Security Council and therein lies the threat of a Soviet veto. However, U. N. Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjold is now empowered to furnish the truce organization with such personnel as is required and the British feel this is enough authority to increase the number of U. N. "observers" substantially. General Burns's force now ranges between forty and eighty men, stationed in central control posts from which they conduct investigations. The day-to-day, on-the-spot observation of armistice compliance is supposed to be done by the Mixed Armistice Commissions, but these are virtually inoperative. A force of perhaps 1,000 U. N. observers on constant patrol would correct this deficiency. They would be policemen without the power of arrest and the British are willing to leave it up to General Burns as to whether they should be armed. Under a U. N. resolution of 1949, it would be possible to equip them with arms for self-defense and they could even be made responsible for the protection of neutral areas, but nothing more can be done without new authority.

The policy behind this move is clear enough. Up to now, the U. S. and Britain have endeavored to induce Israel and the Arab states to negotiate a settlement by holding out certain promises to them—an iron-clad territorial guarantee, for example, in the case of Israel once a permanent border is negotiated. The 1950 declaration did not go that far because it was appreciated that the compulsion upon Israel to negotiate would disappear. Negotiations have almost come about on several occasions but have been prevented each time by some untoward armistice violation. The immediate problem is to stop the violations and let things simmer down without entrenching Israel's claim to the territory it now holds. If the military factor can be removed, a settlement on the basis of acceptance by the Arab world of the *fact* of Israel and of fairly substantial territorial concessions by Israel may be possible.

SPAIN IN AFRICA

Franco Traps Himself . . . *by J. Alvarez del Vayo*

Spanish Frontier, January

ON ONE point there is agreement among all the people, both from inside and outside Spain, with whom I have been talking: Franco's troubles in Morocco are only beginning. The full effect of his error in thinking he could promote independence in French Morocco without its becoming an issue in the Spanish zone will be evident within the next two or three months.

To understand the situation and anticipate future developments, one must recall the course Franco has followed from the day France came into open conflict with the Moroccan Nationalists after the deposition and exile of Sultan Mohammed ben Youssef in 1953. In this act the Spanish dictator saw an exceptional opportunity to satisfy his long-standing hatred of France. A Germanophile in both world wars, he was already convinced that France was doomed to disappear as a power in Europe and to lose North Africa. He decided to accelerate that process as much as possible, while simultaneously working to shift to Spain the American financial aid which, he speculated, could not indefinitely be lavished on a weak and decaying France, a fourth of whose people voted Communist.

At the beginning he gave only political and diplomatic encouragement to the Moroccan Nationalists. He posed as the "Protector of Islam," supported every move of the Arab League and coordinated the broadcasts from Radio Tetuan with those from Cairo, echoing Arab attacks on French policy in Africa. The French protested, but very mildly. It became obvious that, with the situation worsening in Algeria and Morocco, France was afraid of antagonizing Franco still further; instead of adopting a firm attitude, Foreign Minister Pinay carried conciliation nearly to the point of sacrificing the Spanish Republican refugees in France to buy the neutrality of Franco.

Appeasement, of course, did not work. On the contrary it was interpreted in Madrid as new proof of French weakness and the Franco regime began to prepare for the hour when major hostilities would break out in North Africa. Moroccan rebels who escaped to the Spanish zone, thanks to facilities offered by the Francoist authorities, were trained and organized as guerrillas. And when the Nationalist fever reached its height, prior to the restoration of ben Youssef to the throne, Madrid shifted from mere political support to the systematic dispatch of arms and armed units across the border. As a result, this past autumn the French found themselves fighting in the same area where Abd el Krim, sweeping down from the hills in 1925, gravely threatened the combined Spanish-French forces massed to meet his famous revolt.

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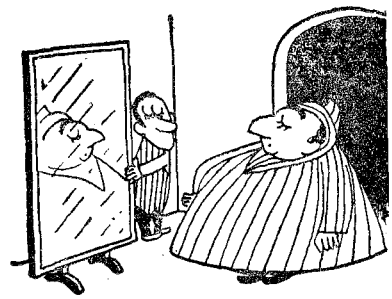
The Riff is the last place where any military commander would choose to fight. It is rough and treacherous territory, impregnable against modern mechanized contingents, ideal for guerrillas. I remember well, while I was covering that struggle for *La Nacion* of Buenos Aires, hearing a Spanish captain tell how his column had been prevented from advancing by a single Berber sharpshooter hidden behind an inaccessible rock. Correspondents sent there last fall described how two thousand French soldiers, trapped in the mountains, were trying without success to fight their way past a small band of rebel tribesmen ambushed above them in the rugged hills.

The source of this new threat to the French was soon discovered. On October 12 Sefton Delmer, experienced correspondent for the London *Daily Express,* wrote from Casablanca: "Well, you ask me, who . . . is behind the present rising in the difficult mountain area on the frontier between the Spanish and the French zones of Morocco? The answer is horrifying and shocking. It is Generalissimo Francisco Franco." A series of reports written on the spot and published in the European press confirmed Delmer's charge. Today the French military has much information on Franco's intervention, and should Madrid try to sabotage—as is most probable—the coming negotiations between the French and Moroccan governments, the French need only open their files and see what the Franco government will have to say for itself.

Responsible Spaniards from inside Spain could provide complementary details. I am informed that there are still five routes through which arms and munitions are moving from the Spanish zone into the French zone. Some arms have been disembarked at various points on the Spanish Moroccan coast from ships manned by Egyptians and nationals of other Arab countries. Smuggling has always existed in the border region. In normal times it consists mainly of pepper, textiles and watches. Last summer such innocent items were replaced by Spanish Mauser rifles and American Thompson machine guns. The other day the French captured tribesmen using not only the traditional rifle but automatic arms of very modern types.



Franc-Tireur

Franco: "How about me as the new Sultan?"

The Franco government may now be telling the truth when it says that the High Commissioner in Morocco, General Garcia Valino, has issued strict orders that the smuggling—"if it ever existed"—should be stopped. Since the day a bomb was exploded in a Tetuan coffee-house a few weeks ago, Madrid has been considering Morocco from a different angle. Suddenly the authorities realized that the fire they had started in their neighbor's house might burn their own. But the machinery for smuggling weapons, which was perfected as part of Franco's plan for smashing French rule in North Africa, cannot be so quickly disassembled. Agents of the Arab League, with plenty of funds at their disposal, by now know very well how to quiet the conscience of Spanish officers and customs officials on the border. A major with a family of five, receiving less than a hundred dollars a month, is glad to get an extra hundred for closing his eyes to a shipment of arms. The one thing that has changed is that Moroccan rebels who cross over from French territory are now closely watched by Franco's officers. The very men who have been arming these guerillas now fear that the weapons they supplied may suddenly be turned against them.

THIS situation, together with repeated statements from Rabat that the Sultan would insist on independence for all Morocco, has thrown the Franco regime into hopeless confusion. Its policy has become a series of zigzags and contradictions that have seriously undermined its authority. At first General Garcia Valino adopted a line implying enthusiastic support for Arab nationalism, assuring its leaders in the Spanish zone that Spain was only counting the hours until Moroccan independence could be extended to the territory under his command. Then Franco corrected the General's "self-determination" thesis, declaring on December 15 that "precisely because we know and love the Moroccan people we are in a better position also to realize how disastrous it would be for their future . . . if the trickery and internal strife of political parties on the European model were transplanted to that territory." In a word, no political freedom.

His statement put Nationalist leaders such as Abdul Kadel Torres and Abdullah Guenon, who had professed a dubious double policy of hate for the French tyrant and love for Garcia Valino and the Spanish dictatorship, in an impossible position. Both were obliged to resign their posts in the Spanish Moroccan government. Presently the High Commissioner began to talk about the "incapacity for gratitude" of his Moorish subjects.

The same inconsistency has been demonstrated in action. Unrest in Spanish Morocco has been growing. Local Moroccans and Nationalists from across the border have been arrested. Recently Garcia Valino seized several rebel refugees from the French zone and put them in prison. Two days later, after loud protests from Tangier and Rabat, he ordered their release. Next day he placed them under *"vigilancia"*—which meant that they were watched and their movements restricted. Their only offense had been to call upon Spain to grant independence to its part of Morocco. Other activities have been more overt—such as the bomb explosion in Tetuan. Leaflets in Arabic attacking Franco have been distributed: they are signed, "Secret Movement of the Army of Liberation." Their authors have not been caught nor their source discovered. A rigid censorship has been imposed to prevent such facts from reaching foreign newspapers. The army in the Spanish zone, originally numbering 70,000, has been increased; together, army and police now amount to more than 100,000 men.

Meanwhile, although commonsense would suggest the value of better relations with France, Madrid remains hostile. Nothing substantial came of the French-Spanish talks on January 10 at Larache, though the

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meeting was outwardly cordial. Forty-eight hours later, in the newspaper *Ya*, Pedro Gomez Aparicio, director of the official news agency E. F. E., wrote: "Spain does not want to become entangled in French problems about Morocco and has not the least desire to participate in the solution of a situation she has not provoked." I have been listening day by day to the Spanish radio. It has been full of hate and contempt for France and especially for the Republican Front government which Mendes-France and the Socialists are trying to form.

But the Franco officials like no better recent statements from the Moroccan Minister of State, now in Paris to arrange the negotiations for a new status for his country. He has been making it clear that the Moroccan state will demand an army of its own, as well as its own diplomatic corps and representation in the United Nations. Above all else, it is this question of the army that disturbs Madrid. Military independence would mean the departure from Morocco of a Spanish army that has always regarded Africa as the place for advancing their military careers and also as the staging-ground for political adventure inside Spain. In Morocco the ruling oligarchy has two main interests: the mines and a military career. There the generals and other high officers enjoy all kinds of special benefits in time of peace, while in time of war they can win rapid advancement by killing Moors. Of this system, Franco himself is the prime example and beneficiary.

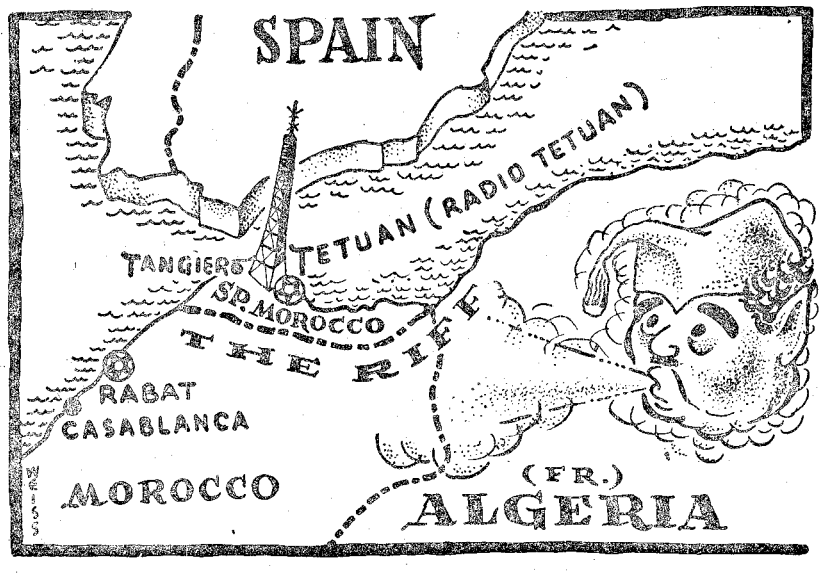
The constant shifts of Madrid's policy in Morocco are not, as has been suggested, smart double-talk, Franco speaking one language at home and his High Commissioner another in Tetuan. It is rather that Franco has been trapped by his own maneuvers and anti-French intrigues. The entire Moroccan problem has slipped out of his control. The dilemma is clear: either Franco yields to the Sultan's demand that independence must apply to all Morocco or be ready to fight the Nationalists in the Spanish zone. In the first instance, he risks a conflict with his own army—and the loss of the protectorate; in the second, he faces a conflict with the Spanish people as well as the Moroccans.

There has never been anything in Spain more unpopular than war in Africa. The first political meeting I attended, as a high-school student, was one at which the founder of the Spanish Socialist Party, Pablo Iglesias, declared in a crowded theatre that the real enemy of the Spaniards was not the Moors but the Spanish government. He asked the soldiers to shoot *"hacia arriba"* (at the top) instead of shooting *"hacia abajo"*—at the masses demonstrating against the Moroccan campaign.

SO THE issue is an old one—as well as a burning one today. Just recently seven Spanish soldiers, carrying their rifles, fled across the mountains into France. They were taking timely measures to avoid being sent to Morocco. Here on the border the other day I heard a Frenchman say: "If Franco gets involved in a fight in Morocco, half the soldiers will desert if they can and come here." War in Morocco could easily mean the end of the Franco regime—especially with matters as they are.

For the problem of Spanish Morocco must be viewed in the light of the process of disintegration now going on. In the event of a new war in Morocco Franco would have a dangerous situation in his rear. With the exception of the United States Embassy, which refuses to recognize that Franco's position has become considerably weaker in the past six months, all the diplomats accredited to Madrid were impressed by the dictator's New Year's message in which he reported "unrest among students and workers and dissatisfaction among some intellectuals." They could not understand why Franco talked so frankly about the "propaganda of left-wing parties," thus demolishing the legend that Spain is the one country of Europe immune to revolution. The reason is an increasing doubt in the government about the reliability of a large part of the armed forces and of the police and Guardia Civil. Franco's message was not an improvisation. Nor was it a trick to extract more dollars from American taxpayers by exploiting the threat of Communist infiltration. His words were the result of two important Cabinet meetings at which the situation in Spain was soberly analyzed and the decision reached that it was more dangerous to silence the truth than to alert public opinion to the growing unrest.

Taking all these factors into consideration, Franco has finally adopted what might be called a "strategy of winning time." I have it from the best possible source that the immediate objective of that strategy is to impede and prolong the negotiations between the French and the Moroccan governments soon to open in Paris. Franco has already demanded a "tripartite conference" including his government. This was rejected by the French, not only on the basis of the Treaty of 1912 but because they feel that by granting self-rule in their zone they have put themselves in a stronger position than the Spanish regime, and can confirm this advantage by developing new links with the government of Rabat while the Spanish zone is still subject to colonial rule.



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But Madrid hopes also to sabotage the negotiations from outside. Already *Arriba,* Franco's personal paper, has flatly asserted that "Spain does not recognize the alleged hegemony France claims over Morocco, nor will she ever agree to depend on France for an understanding with the Moroccan people." Franco's happy idea is to pretend that such an understanding has been achieved through the creation of a *"gobiernillo del Califa,"* a "little government of the Caliph," to act while the negotiations in Paris go on. Even such former pro-Franco opportunist Nationalists as Abdul Kadel Torres are going to be wary of this latest device.

Franco hopes for support from America and is daily warning Americans in Madrid of the implications of Rabat's announcement that the United States will have to renegotiate its air-base contracts when an independent Morocco establishes its new relationship with France. Franco is saying that if his rule is endangered either through a loss of national prestige or a rebellion in the Spanish zone, the United States might find itself without air bases in Morocco or in Spain itself.

THIS WAS MENCKEN

An Appreciation . . *by Joseph Wood Krutch*

EVERYWHERE it will be said that the death of H. L. Mencken marks the end of an epoch. But perhaps it is no less true that it marks also the beginning of something—his reputation as a writer. Mencken was a spokesman, a symbol, an embodiment, and all the other things he has been called. But he was first of all a master of the written word and unless the world changes a great deal more than seems likely, that is the only thing which will count in the long run. Men are mentioned in textbooks because they were so right or so wrong and, sometimes, because they were so typical. But it is only because they were great writers that they are read.

Like many another such—like Shaw, for instance—he did everything he could to distract attention from the true character of his gift. On the one hand, he took up all sorts of causes, the less respectable the better, and engaged in all sorts of crusades against whatever was of good report. On the other hand, he identified himself with journalists, spoke contemptuously of what he called "beautiful letters" and violated all the canons of respectable literary taste by sprinkling his pages with outlandish words drawn sometimes from the gutter and frequently from the German—the latter being his favorite foreign tongue less, I suspect, because of his own German ancestry than because, unlike French, it was obviously not genteel. Music was the only art of which he spoke frequently with respect because only a negligible minority of his fellow countrymen respected it; beer was his hippocrene because it was neither elegant like wine nor solidly respectable like whiskey; and he loved to mix beer and music—as he did in the wonderful sketch in which he describes how he and his cronies got so befuddled in the course of their attempt to play all nine of Beethoven's symphonies between dark and dawn that they could never remember whether they finished or not—because under such circumstances not even Beethoven's music could be regarded as respectable. Finally, he built a very solid reputation as a scholar, even among the *gelehrten* whom he loved to ridicule, by a work designed to destroy the authority of all those rules of grammar, syntax and propriety which he himself never violated except with the deliberate artistry of which only a philologue would be capable.

Like Shaw again, Mencken developed a public role which he played so constantly that he may well have ceased himself to know in exactly what relation it stood to his original self. But he at least understood very well what was at any moment appropriate to that role and he had the toughness which enabled him to play it relentlessly even under circumstances which fatally tempt the weakly amiable to concessions. Once when an inoffensive young man asked for some corrections in a story Mencken had written I heard him dismissed with a gay but final, "Journalism is essentially inaccurate" and when, not too long after the First World War, he was about to make a tour of the South, he gave reporters a pronouncement beautifully calculated to constitute a double outrage: "No man over forty loves either his country or his wife." How inevitably a second-rate man would have thought this the proper occasion to say: "I am a Southerner myself."

It may even be that the paradoxes of his temperament and opinions are best resolved by the simple assumption that he took whatever side gave him the best opportunity to exercise his gift. When he maintained that he would rather live in the United States than in any other country in the world because nowhere else was a civilization so absurd, some took this to mean that he was a wicked man who loved to despise his fellows but it may have meant only (and understandably) that, as a certain kind of humorist, he naturally judged a culture by the material with which it provided him.

Those who saw Mencken at the Dayton anti-evolution trial understood this better, perhaps, than anyone else ever could. He was at the height of his popularity and this was a spectacle perfectly designed for his exploitation. Here was a monstrous absurdity which, unlike the monstrous absurdities of our own

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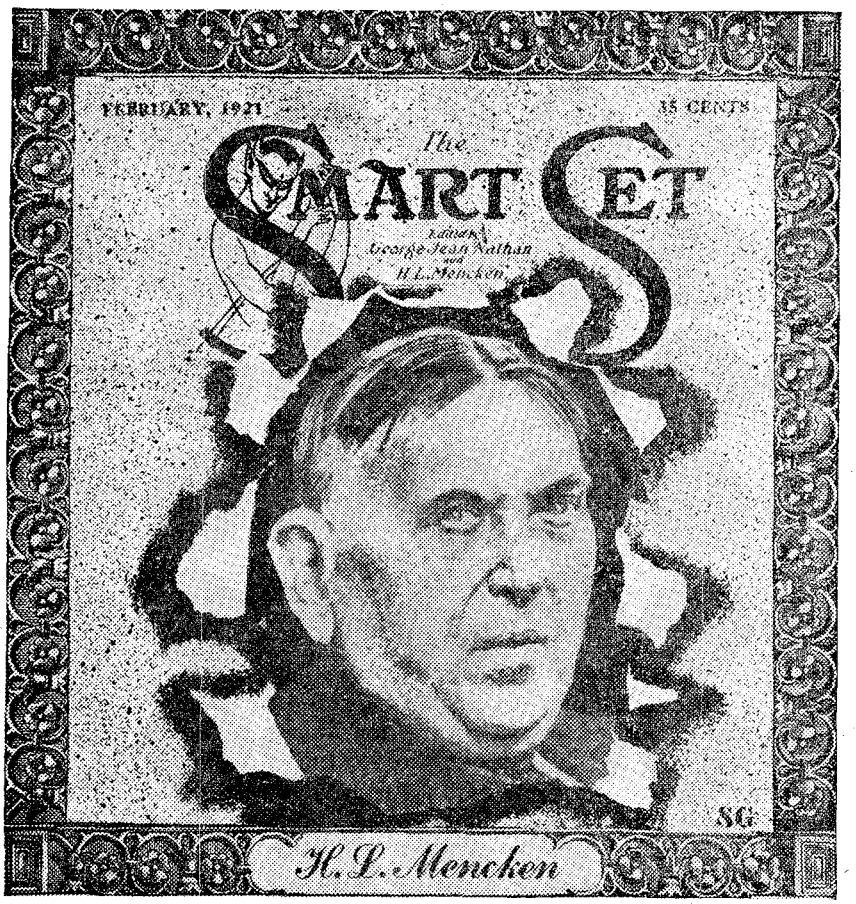

day, was merely absurd—uncontaminated, that is to say, by anything essentially evil. Mencken was like a schoolboy at a circus. Beaming with sheer delight, unable to believe that anything so like one of his own extravaganzas could really be taking place, he was everywhere at once, hobnobbing with street-corner preachers, charming the rustics with his affability and falling off his chair in the court room when overcome by joy. He was at the moment the happiest man in the United States, for he was not only a boy at a circus, he was also a great writer who sensed that he had his opportunity and he took it to produce what has often been called his masterpiece—his "In Memoriam: W. J. B."—though it did not become fully possible until Bryan died a few days after his declaration on the witness stand that man is not a mammal.

Many of Mencken's admirers were distressed by the attitude which he took in the thirties and forties toward Franklin D. Roosevelt and all other idealists in public life. Perhaps it would not be unfair to say that he continued to see only the absurdity of a world which had become grim and that he refused to acknowledge the existence of problems he was temperamentally incapable of facing.

Certainly it is true that his importance as a spokesman and his popularity with large masses declined as the atmosphere of the world changed. Every literate college boy read him in the twenties, relatively few read him in the forties. His disciples had once been measured by the millions, their numbers shrank into insignificance. And yet, at least when he turned from the questions of the day, he wrote as well if not better than he had ever written before. Not even the Bryan piece is more masterly or more flavorsome than some of the rich happy absurdities in the volumes of reminiscence where such sketches as that about the Italian bands which used to play in Baltimore are in the great picaresque tradition of Rabelais and Smollett.

TO MAR the portrait which he drew of himself by saying that he was a scholarly and, in certain respects at least, a kindly man is almost a betrayal. But there is no doubt about either the laboriousness of his scholarly work or about the genuineness of his enthusiasm for "beautiful letters." It may very well be that the *Smart Set* under his and Nathan's editorship became the most important "little magazine" in America, though neither of the editors would ever have consented to have it thought of as in the "little magazine" group. In those days at least, no one was more keenly on the look out for new writers and there must have been scores who had reason to be grateful. I, for one, remembered too well the note with which he accompanied the first check I ever received from any publication to be hurt by the words with which he later dismissed one of my books in which he thought he detected the corrupting influence of a kind of nostalgia for God: "After all no one can be expected to come all the way from Tennessee to civilization in one generation." A good many were shocked when, a few years ago, he boasted that he had never admired Theodore Dreiser as a novelist but had used him only as a club against those whom he admired even less. But is that really any worse than Shaw's confession that in his drama criticism he was concerned not at all with the extent to which authors achieved what they wanted to achieve and asked only whether or not they were trying to do what he thought they ought?

If Mencken would not have cared to be praised for moral virtues, he would certainly have liked to have recognized those artistic achievements which were more indubitably his. No doubt it will be some time yet before he will, in all quarters, have lived down his popularity and a lack of gentility more absolute than that which even Mark Twain, his closest analogue, dared exhibit. He founded no worthy school, most of his imitators were contemptible because his style was inimitable and only he could use as a genuine instrument of expression a vocabulary and a rhythm which in other hands stubbornly refused to yield anything except vulgarity. But I risk the prediction that the time will come when it will be generally recognized, as by a few it already is, that Mencken's was the best prose written in America during the twentieth century. Those who deny that fact had better confine themselves to direct attack. They will be hard put to find a rival claimant.

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TOP G.O.P. ALTERNATE

Herter of Massachusetts . . *by R. C. Bergenheim*

UNTIL President Eisenhower makes the final decision on his availability for a second term, people throughout the free world will continue weighing the assets of possible successors or running mates. Republican leaders can't afford to stand idly by. Currently they are peering more intently toward Massachusetts and its governor, Christian Archibald Herter, who in 1952 gave the Eisenhower bandwagon one of its major pushes. He was pumping for Eisenhower before the world was sure whether the General was a Republican or a Democrat, let alone whether he would agree to be a candidate.

Herter currently is serving his second term as governor following ten years in Congress and twelve years in the Massachusetts House of Representatives. He has never been beaten at the polls. He is not, however, expected to seek a third term as governor.

Herter's loyalty to President Eisenhower is complete. He says that he hopes the President will run for reelection. He goes a step beyond many of his Republican colleagues by suggesting that the President should take all the time he needs to make up his mind. But at the same time, the Governor is not pulling down the curtain in the faces of visiting window shoppers. Among other signs of a latent candidacy is his acceptance of a moderate number of speaking engagements around the country.

Oddly enough, the spotlight was not turned on Governor Herter from within his own state. He is better known nationally for his record in Congress on international affairs than as a governor. He headed the nineteen-man Congressional committee which toured Europe to lay the ground for the Marshall Plan. For this he received the Collier Award in 1948 as the outstanding Congressman of the year.

Governor Herter

It was Herter's support of the Eisenhower candidacy that led to his own entry into the Massachusett's gubernatorial race. While in Congress, he was among those who journeyed to Paris to persuade the General to run. Subsequently he became co-chairman of the Massachusetts Eisenhower-for-President Committee and decided to become a candidate for governor.

No Republican had carried Massachusetts since 1924 and in 1952 the Republicans wanted the strongest possible state ticket to help carry the state for Eisenhower. Outside of his own district, Herter was little known in Massachusetts and was given small chance of beating his Democratic opponent, Paul A. Dever, a strong Stevenson man. Among those who headed up a "draft-Herter" movement were Sinclair Weeks, then Republican National Committeeman; Senators Leverett Saltonstall and Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., head of the national Eisenhower movement; and Congressmen John W. Heselton and Joseph W. Martin, House Minority Leader. Herter remained the underdog until the votes were counted. Eisenhower carried the state and Herter to victory.

Two years later, however, in 1954, Herter ran entirely on his own record. He increased his margin of victory more than did any other Republican governor in the nation. But that year Massachusetts Republicans lost control of the lower house of the legislature and saw their control of the senate narrowed to two seats.

During his first term, when he had a completely Republican-controlled legislature, the governor succeeded in putting through 95 per cent of his program. With a split legislature his batting average slipped. Democratic Party discipline stopped several of his major recommendations. His plan to reorganize the state's court system and a $125,000,000 road-building program went down to defeat in 1955. Both items are back in the governor's 1956 program.

Labor leaders wield considerable influence in Massachusetts, a heavily industrialized state. As elsewhere, their trend is to the Democratic Party. Governor Herter has not changed this situation, but he has gone some of the way to satisfy labor's demands. Maximum workmen's-compensation payments were $30 a week. Labor wanted $40. Herter gave them $35. Labor wanted unemployment compensation increased from $25 to $35. Herter proposed $30, but sought to tighten certain provisions such as payments to part-time or seasonal workers. Labor rejected the proposed amendments and the law was not changed. It will be taken up again this year.

The boldest step Herter took against labor was in his invocation of the state's 1947 Slichter Act, which permits a governor to order seizure of a plant where a strike threatens to disrupt distribution of goods and services essential to public health and safety. The governor has made

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greater use of this law than either of his two predecessors—one Republican, one Democrat. During his first six months in office, he used it three times, in strikes involving a gas, an electric and a milk company. Labor wants the law repealed; Herter agreed only to amend it. He signed two changes. The first speeds up conciliation procedures; the second involves appointments to an arbitration board. Previously, three appointments were made by the governor; now the governor appoints one, labor one, and the third is named by joint agreement. Labor approved the amendments but still demands total repeal, contending that the law allows employers to refuse all labor demands in the knowledge that the state can take over the business and set the rates of pay and working conditions of the men.

The governor says the best way he can prove his friendship for labor is to bring more business and industry into the state. He established a Department of Commerce for this purpose. Its record justifies its existence. At the same time the legislature, at the governor's request, set up the Massachusetts Business Development Corporation, which provides funds not otherwise available to local industry and to encourage new industry. The funds are obtained through private sources with no financing from the state.

THE biggest tempest facing the Herter administration is on the question of new sources of revenue. Governor Herter favors a retail-sales tax, although he has made no formal proposal for one. The Democratic Party and labor oppose it on the ground that it taxes those least able to pay. Most labor leaders favor a graduated income tax; the Democrats have so far offered no alternative revenue source.

In 1954 Governor Herter afforded tax relief through a 25 per cent cut on earned income. This year, however, he has proposed that federal-tax payments on earned income be disallowed as a deduction on state-income taxes, which would increase those taxes at the rate of $30.75 for every $1,000 paid in federal income taxes. Business men complain that this is a step toward the graduated income tax. Governor Herter recommended it as a one-year addition to the "hodge podge" of tax legislation now on the books. He asked the legislature to set up a special commission to make a complete review of the state's tax structure and to make recommendations on such controversial proposals as a graduated income tax and the retail-sales tax.

For the aged, Governor Herter has pioneered a $15,000,000 public-housing program, currently under way. A division has been established to create employment possibilities for the aged, and special hospitals and clinics have been set up for their care.

State anti-discrimination laws were extended under the governor. A Fair Employment Practices Act had been passed in 1946; since then the name of the enforcing commission has been changed to cover its broader duties. Now it is called the Massachusetts Commission Again Discrimination. Under laws signed by Herter, there no longer can be any discrimination—either in employment or in relations to customers—by any business dealing with the public, including hotels, transportation, auto-service stations, restaurants, theatres, halls, places of amusement, retail establishments, bowling alleys, hospitals and many others. Surveys taken in 1946, 1947 and 1949 show that no less than 34 per cent of the state's hotels and resorts were then engaged in discriminatory practices. A survey by the commission in 1954 found that violations of the law were "minimal and declining." The commission has handled more than 1,000 cases since it was established. Only two reached the formal hearing stage; none had to be taken to court.

Governor Herter has come up against sharp differences of opinion on his views regarding the use of the Fifth Amendment. In his 1954 message to the state legislature, he said:

> There is no room in Massachusetts government or education for the known subversive or for the doubtful character who seeks a shield either in the Fifth Amendment to the federal Constitution or in the provision of equal effect in our own state constitution. I deem it a sound proposition that he who takes refuge in constitutional safeguards in properly established investigations into subversive matters makes himself suspect to the point where his usefulness as a state or municipal official, a teacher, or as a worker in the field of key public contacts, state or federal, is at an end.

Dr. Nathan M. Pusey, President of Harvard University—where Governor Herter was graduated, taught international law, and is now an overseer—took issue with the Governor. While "deploring [the amendment's] use by faculty members," President Pusey added: "We have not felt that use of this constitutional safeguard was necessarily sufficient grounds for dismissal."

A special state commission to investigate communism and subversive activities established under Governor Herter has also aroused controversy. The biggest furore came last summer when the commission published eighty-five names of persons charged with "varying degrees" of past or present association with Communist or Communist-front organizations. The Civil Liberties Union of Massachusetts labelled the act as "a deplorable usurpation of the judicial function" which amounts to "punishment by black list without due process of law." The Massachusetts chapter of the A. D. A. also protested the listing. A group of prominent citizens has asked the legislature not to extend the life of the commission beyond February, this year, on the ground that "the safety of the [state] will be adequately protected if the safety of the nation is left to the government of the nation."

Less controversial has been the penal reform put through by the Herter administration. Rehabilitation of prisoners was the dominant theme in the most complete overhaul of prison administration in the state's history. Other state departments have been reorganized along the lines suggested by "baby Hoover Commission" reports. For instance, the state's division of corporations and taxation has been streamlined. Tax collections increased by several millions of dollars; simplified tax forms were designed; real-estate tax exemptions were allowed for widows, minors whose fathers are deceased and property owners over seventy years of age.

Herter's climb to prominence has not been in the vein of Horatio Alger. Herter's grandfather, who came to this country in 1848, made a million dollars as an architect before he reached thirty. He retired to study painting in Paris. He died shortly thereafter, leaving two sons, Christian Archibald and Albert, father of

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Governor Herter. Albert, also an artist, married an artist—Adele McGinnis of New York. Herter's uncle was head of the Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons and one of the founders of the Rockefeller Foundation.

Herter himself was born in Paris on March 28, 1895, a point which disturbs some constitutional lawyers who see the governor as a possible Presidential or Vice Presidential candidate. Most lawyers agree, however, that he is qualified to run for either office.

Young Chris was brought here at the age of six to live with his famous doctor uncle in order to get an American education. He continued to summer in Paris with his parents. At twenty he was graduated *cum laude* from Harvard and went to Columbia to study architecture. A year later he joined the State Department as Acting Minister to Belgium. When the United States declared war on Germany in 1917, he was ordered back to the United States. He was in the army for three months when the brass decided that his six-foot, five-inch frame, thirty-three pounds underweight, was better suited for other things.

Herter went back to the State Department and was assigned to Switzerland to work on problems of prisoners of war. After the war he remained in Europe as a member of the U. S. delegation to the Paris Peace Conference. In 1920 he became executive secretary of the European Relief Council. From 1921 to 1924, he served as personal assistant to Herbert Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce. In 1925 he returned to Boston and took over the editorship of a weekly newspaper once owned by Theodore Roosevelt. Later he became part owner of *The Sportsman*, a magazine designed for the aristocratic set. For a year he was an instructor of international law at Harvard.

In 1931 he won his first elected public office as state representative from Boston's Back Bay district. He went to Congress in 1943, where he took a leading role in international affairs. In 1947 a national poll of 254 newspaper editors named him among the top five Congressmen. The next year he received the Collier Award. In 1949, he received the Captain Dollar Memorial Award for the advancement of foreign trade.

In 1915 Herter married Caroline Pratt, granddaughter of the founder of the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn, who amassed a fortune through investment in the Standard Oil Company. This family tie with a financial giant has never influenced the political decisions of the Governor. Whatever disadvantages wealth brings to the politician, it certainly gives him the opportunity to be independent.

The Herters have three sons, a daughter and twelve grandchildren. The family is widely scattered and gets together only rarely. The eldest son, Christian A. Jr., closely resembles his father and is following in his political footsteps. A former state representative and chief assistant to Vice President Nixon, he also served under Harold Stassen as chief counsel of the Foreign Operations Administration. He is now working in the Department of State as chief counsel of the International Cooperation Administration.

A Democratic View

The Boston Post (Democratic)

"Now let's tax the hole!"

TRAGEDY WRIT IN WATER

Erosion: America's Blight . . *by David Cort*

THE WORST blows taken by the United States in the last years have not been political, but physical; and they have all come from the same source—water. Flash floods in New England and California, Southern droughts, sinking water tables, virtual civil war in the Southwest over water rights, vast erosion in the Mississippi and Colorado basins: the whole country seems to be in this jam together.

As a great planning people, we ought to be able to plan our way out of this net of disaster. Yet we have hardly made an effective start, despite all the warnings.

The reason for our failure may be that our thinking about water, both by expert and layman, is shot with fallacies rising from some of man's oldest and deepest instincts. Starting at the bottom, the indicated fallacies follow:

1. Primarily because people hate to get wet and dislike drowning, they tend to feel that the world has too much water, rather than too little. The opinion is understandable. The oceans hold some 300 million cubic miles of it—eighteen times the volume of all land above water. This total cannot diminish, except to turn into ice or vapor. Some of the vapor blows across the land, carrying an estimated (remember that word!) 24,000 cubic miles of water a year to the land areas. The ensuing rainfall, sleet and snow are what make men build tight, warm houses with cozy mortgages. The human opinion is that a rainy day is a "bad" day.

DAVID CORT was foreign editor of Life *and later feature editor of the* United Nations World. *He is the author of* The Big Picture *and other books.*

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Worse ingratitude can hardly be imagined.

Oxygen, which is eight-tenths of water by weight, but not of course by atomic count, is one of the rarest elements in the entire universe. In the universe it is a collector's item. We are fantastically lucky to have it. Oxygen as water and air is what primarily differentiates our planet from the moon and Mars and the other deserts in the sky. If there is one blessing for which alone man should get on his knees and give thanks daily, it is oxygen.

2. Nobody, in his own opinion, uses much water personally. If a suburbanite in the Northeast with a lot fifty feet by 100 collected in a tank the rain which fell on his property over the year—about three feet of it—he would "own" 500 tons of water. Ample, he would say. But in fact the city American uses for his personal requirements in a year about 4,000 tons, the rural villager 1,000 tons, the suburbanite something between. The American family uses an average of 10,000 tons a year personally. And everything Americans use or consume uses still more water. We really survive on such facts as that an acre of grain needs a seasonal 650,000 gallons, an acre of cotton 800,000 gallons, a ton of finished steel 65,000 gallons; a ton of viscose rayon 200,000 gallons, a ton of bromine five million gallons, and the hydro-electric power plants of the United States need a trillion gallons a day. The industries that need the most water are precisely those that most intimately affect the average consumer: oil-refining, metal-working, paper manufacturing, chemicals, distilling and rubber. And industry could use most of its water up to fifty times over, if it would clean it, but it generally takes the same attitude as the individual citizen: there is always plenty more—until an area is utterly exhausted and fouled, and the plant moves on.

The total American use of water for domestic, irrigational, industrial and power-generative purposes has been estimated at 200 billions gallons a day.

3. People tend to think that only the local rainfall and stream-flow affect them. The grim fact is that every local water situation is intimately controlled by events a thousand and more miles away, as New England may now agree after water disasters that were spawned in the tropics. All sensible expositions of the water problem have to deal in billions of gallons, millions of acre-feet and thousands of cubic miles of water. Before any local situation can even be described, a repulsively huge picture has to be sketched in.

4. Every American is committed to the absolute, inherited and inbred knowledge that God gave America more of everything than anybody else. Hold onto your seats. Not water. The United States is among the least favored in this respect among the world's great populated areas. The explanation is simple.

The winds north of the equator blow generally clockwise off the oceans. The United States thus gets its original water winds down along the Pacific coast and up from the Caribbean and Gulf of Mexico. The Pacific winds run into the Cascade Range and drop virtually all their water in the narrow belt west of it. The Atlantic winds miss most of the Great Plains.

THE disfavored zone is the home of America's favorite entertainment form, where never a discouraging word is heard. Though it be treason to reveal it, the whole Rocky Mountain plateau and its eastern slope constitute a leading candidate for the world's next great desert. Progress in this dismal direction is already well along. The cowboys may soon turn in their dogies for camels. The sandstorms may bury the transcontinental roadbeds and overland communication between the two coasts of the United States. The consequent injury to the free peoples of the world, in spite of all that air freight and the Panama Canal could do, would drown the screams of Arizona real-estate agents.

5. Any child "knows" that all water finally flows back into the oceans. Any river, while fulfilling this necessary function, is a true beauty of nature. But it also represents by definition a failure of the land to hold on to the water given it.

Unlike man, the land tries to hold on to the water. The grasses and trees, the valleys and ponds and soils, incessantly trap and hold the priceless water. The Great Lakes alone bank a volume of water that could cover the whole United States under a ten-foot sea. There is, however, another, greater, invisible lake from coast to coast—the underground water table. Some say it holds enough pure, filtered water to cover the country under several hundred feet of the best water you ever drank—in other words, over half a century of normal rainfall.

The surplus of water is represented by the rivers. But this is the only water most people mean when they think of fresh, clean, inland water. This is the water that government and private enrepreneurs especially love to play with.

The history of our rivers is so tragic as to be outlawed from parlor conversation. City civilization has made a river an unspeakable, untouchable and, of course, undrinkable wonder of civilization. Man's habitual horror is always, as Arthur H. Carhart put it in *Water—or Your Life,* to use the river as a "convenient extension of the sewage system." He estimated that in 1950 American cities and industries poured two-and-a-half billion tons of sewage into once-live streams. Coal mines alone dump in a year several million tons of sulphuric acid into the nation's rivers. The bed of the Schuylkill River, a once-idyllic river flowing through Philadelphia, became so foul that its slimes generated enough "marsh gas" to run efficient gas stoves. (In this case, a few private individuals dug out the slime and restored life to part of the river.) Most American rivers passing great cities end as great sewers of death.

Clearly disgusting as this is, a far more disastrous mishandling of water lies in our ruin of watersheds from which the rains drain into the rivers. Water has a consuming vice: it is in a tearing hurry to run back into the oceans. The result? Since Americans began plowing the ancient sod of the plains, it is estimated that the waters of the Mississippi-Missouri system, running majestically to the Gulf, have been carrying with them every year an average of 400 million tons of topsoil—an inch

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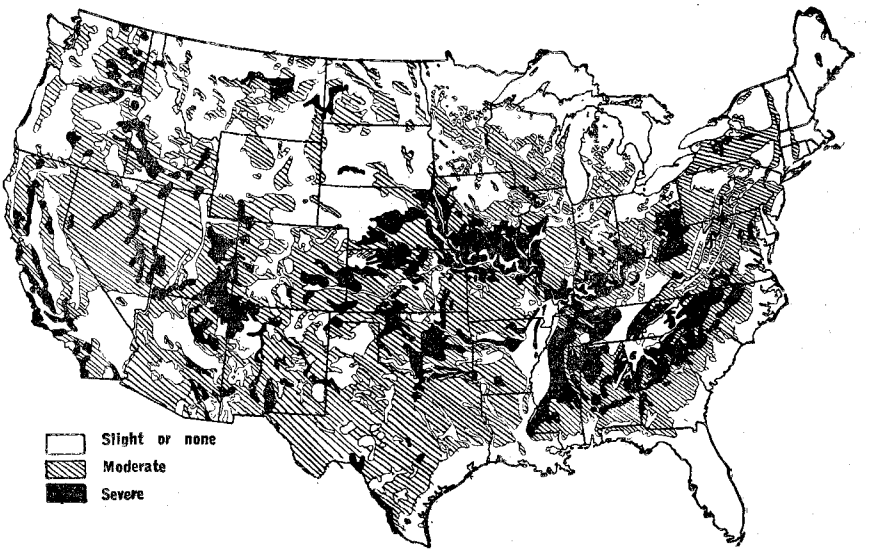
Erosion: the Greatest Killer of All



"Severe" erosion means 75 per cent or more of the topsoil has been lost; "moderate," 25 to 75 per cent. (Source: Water, *published by the U. S. Department of Agriculture.)*

of topsoil off 5,000 square miles, or the area of Connecticut. This process, repeated over the United States, had ruined by the 1930's an estimated 150,000 square miles of American land, mostly lower-grade pasture land—the combined area of North and South Dakota.

If a foreign enemy had seized that much of the United States or a traitor had betrayed it, no American could rest until it had been avenged and rewon. But though the equivalent of two great American states has been detached from the Union, so far as useful purposes are concerned, the political calm is terrifying. Even to mention the loss of two states on the floor of the United States Senate is regarded as something of a bore. Since the total American loss of topsoil per year equals an inch off 70,000 square miles, or the area of Missouri, it is fair to predict that we will permit the permanent secession of four more states—the 300,000 square miles now seriously endangered.

IT MAY be asked where the kidnapped states have gone. They have gone where the vanished empires of Babylonia and Assyria went: out to sea. The rivers of Babylonia built a delta 150 miles out to sea where the coastline of the Persian Gulf runs today. The Mississippi has built a delta nearly as long, as have also the Nile, Ganges and Brahmaputra, Indus, Yangtze, Rhone, Volga and, with the help of the grateful Dutch, the Rhine and Meuse.

So runs the rivers' revenge. Even the domesticated little streams of the Northeast have lately shown a wild and murderous streak.

6. More and more people are replying to the ruined and ill-tempered rivers, "The hell with you. What about all that ground water?" Of course they at once start tapping the ground water faster than it is being replenished. The fresh-water table sinks rapidly; if the wells are near the salt seas, the underground salt water pushes in and ruins everybody. Carhart gives the figures showing that Savannah, Georgia, has lowered its water table thirty-two feet below sea level; Long Beach, California, seventy-two feet below sea level; Texas City, Texas, to 102 feet and in spots to 165 feet below sea level. Low water tables and small runoff have already affected over a thousand American communities, among them New York City, Philadelphia, Memphis, Mobile and Peoria.

7. The next to last fallacy about water is that it can be regarded and treated as a fixed or static asset. Water is always in movement—evaporating from lake and forest, or condensing down as rain from clouds, or being sucked up into a rye plant by its 14,000,000 root hairs, or being breathed out by leaves into the air again or rushing down rivers and hydro-electric penstocks or creeping through the rock strata or cascading down plowed furrows or pouring out of the faucet or being thirstily gulped down an animal's throat.

8. "I own that pond," says a man in the unchallenged belief that water can be owned like anything else. This is the worst fallacy of all. It is not that it is wicked or anti-social to try to monopolize water, though that, too, may possibly be claimed. It is that water does not give itself to anybody in fee simple. It permits itself only to be used for the moment, and moves on to another place or form or condition.

IMAGINE a water-miser who took a glass of river water and, to make certain it would always be his to have and to hold, locked it in his safe-deposit box. In the dark and silence, the organic vegetable and animal material would go on growing and propagating in the glass. Invisible bacteria would be born and die until they had consumed all the free oxygen. Day by day the level of the water in the glass would sink from evaporation. The miser would come back to find an empty glass stained with a very faint scum. He would run to the bank manager, to the police, but not even the F. B. I. could give him back his glass of water. If he still thought he had ever owned that water, he would have to cry, "I've been robbed!"

Crazy as he sounds, most people are just that crazy, but on a very much larger scale.

SO MUCH for the human fallacies about water.

Let us look at one American river —the Colorado, the main water resource of about half the Rocky Mountain plateau, one-tenth of the United States and about eight million Americans, including those of Southern California.

The Colorado, with an annual average flow of only five cubic miles of water, beautifully demonstrates a useful function of rivers in serving as a water pipe to transport surplus water from where it is to where it isn't.

The river is born in the melting snows of mountain ridges, trickles through the pine and spruce, hastens past the aspen and pinon-juniper and tears into the dry canyons of the sagebrush country of Utah and Arizona. Finally it slides across the sloping deserts of Arizona into Mexico

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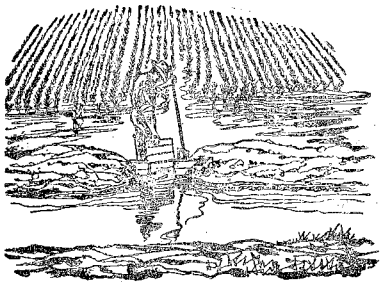


and builds its own huge delta in the Gulf of California. In this last run, the rainfall is often only two inches a year.

Over 70 per cent of this priceless watershed is owned by the United States government which, after due and careful thought, has spent billions of dollars on its development. Hoover (or Boulder) Dam provides the hydro-electric power that makes Los Angeles an important industrial area. Parker Dam downstream supplies the Los Angeles area with fresh water at the rate of 675,000 gallons a minute. Colorado River water irrigates 2,676,000 acres in the whole basin, plus 416,000 acres in the Salton Sea basin of the Imperial Valley. Over fifty Colorado River projects are now operating, and fifty more are planned.

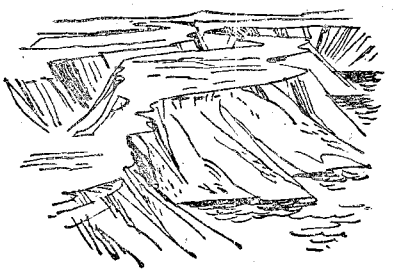
And what is the state of this great watershed, the equivalent of four great American states? In 1951 the President's Water Resources Policy Commission reported soberly in a 792-page document that over half of the basin was "land with severe to critical erosion including development of deep gully streams and extensive sheet-wash." All Arizona and the part of Colorado included in the basin were about two-thirds eroded. In Arizona over half the topsoil was gone from 25,000,000 acres. In Utah, 11,000,000 acres were gullied. The worst erosion of all—how much worse can you get?—was reserved to New Mexico. As one reads the report, the word "erosion" becomes the most terrible word in the language.

The report says judicially that "Even in its natural state the basin had achieved only a precarious balance." But reckless government permission to private entrepreneurs to harvest timber and graze herds of cattle, horses, sheep and goats on the precious watersheds has destroyed much of the natural cover. The precarious balance has long since collapsed.

But what of all the marvelous government projects? The great dams are not quite as marvelous as they look. Lake Mead, the reservoir behind Hoover Dam, is being filled every year with 199,000,000 tons of sediment from upstream. Furthermore, the priceless water stalled behind the dam evaporates in the desert sun at the rate of seven feet a year. Furthermore, the accumulated fine silt and the fluctuating water level have destroyed fish life. Furthermore, the flooding of the forest slopes has drowned the winter forage havens for wild game. Other projects have destroyed essential marshlands for migratory waterfowl. In the upper basin, the processing of gold, uranium and vanadium is pouring poisons into the river. Everywhere over-use of the water results in infiltration of salts from the alkali soil and ruins the water for human use. Though river navigation was one of the professed major purposes of Hoover, Parker and Davis Dams, there is no freight traffic.

PERHAPS the irrigation projects redeem it all? Beginning around 1916, shrewd realtors in various irrigated areas sank wells in marginal zones and did a brisk selling business in land. The get-rich-quick process continued until the whole water table had sunk so far that 2,000-foot wells were required to reach it. The President's report comments with appalling calm, "The end result of the dissipation of the ground water resources will be abandonment of a considerable part of the agricultural economy, with the distress and business failures which accompany such abandonment." Since schools, stores, churches and homes had followed this unscrupulous speculation in water, the "abandonment" is never pretty.

The fight to "own" water here is too desperate for morality. It breaks through all laws and agreements. Many people circumvent the law restricting one owner to 160 acres of irrigated land by assigning 160 acres each to husband, wife, several children, uncles, brothers-in-law and even grandchildren. Since every American taxpayer paid for the project—and can never be repaid by the landowner—this is a raid on the U. S. Treasury. It looks worse when we see that an average of only twelve acres of rich irrigated land seems enough for each of 19,000 families on the Salt River project of the Colorado system.



The fight for water has turned state against state. California has a complicated interpretation of the Colorado River Compact among six states—"the law of the river"—which manages to "prove" that California owns all Arizona's Gila River water. The argument has its real base in that three-quarters of the 8,000,000 people using the Colorado's water live in California.

This fact, paramount so far, is about to run head-on into national defense. For in the sparsely inhabited upper basin lie various minerals, such as uranium, which must be processed, with a heavy use of water, on the spot where they are mined. Here also are the country's largest undeveloped deposits of coal and oil shale. Something has to give when Imperial Valley jumbo asparagus and Darryl Zanuck's swimming pool run into atomic fusion and national security.

IT MAY be a comfort to know that American business men and officialdom have not ravaged our American real estate quite as badly as the Russians have manhandled the area southeast of Stalingrad as far as Central Asia. However, an act like Secretary of Agriculture Benson's recent reduction of soil-conservation services was a good try for the booby championship—a virtual liquidation, if I read the factors correctly, of two more American states.

The only hope for the American property, as for spiritual values, is here again an enlightened citizenry, requiring of its government control of water resources that tries to balence all the conflicting values of water suggested above.

This is a great cause—actually greater than anti-narcotics or anti-communism or anti-inflation or anti-vivisection—this resolve to restore all forty-eight stars to the flag. Such a cause gives the word patriotism its original and reputable meaning.

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Heinrich Heine: 1856-1956

By Mina Curtiss

N.Y Public Library Picture Collection

Heinrich Heine

ON FEBRUARY 17, 1856, Heinrich Heine died. He had been bed-ridden for eight years, in great pain, more than half blind and paralyzed. But his mind lost none of its brilliance. His last words are usually said to have been, *"Dieu me pardonnera; c'est son metier."* This remark, however, he made the day before his death, when a friend asked whether he had made peace with God. A few hours before he died he came out of a coma long enough to say the word, "Write." When the nurse failed to understand he gasped, "Paper! Pencil!" No last words could have been more characteristic. For through all the vicissitudes of his life he never stopped writing. The *Thoughts and Ideas* to be presented here are largely scraps salvaged from the poet's wastepaper basket, earlier versions or sentences and paragraphs cut from articles. But, since as far as I know, they have not in this form been translated into English, they seem worth publishing as a sample that may lure fresh readers to Heine's work.

"I don't know whether I shall one day deserve to have a laurel wreath laid on my coffin," he wrote. "Poetry, dearly as I have loved her, has always been to me only a divine plaything. I have never attached any great value to my fame as a poet; and I worry very little about whether people praise or blame my verse. But lay on my coffin a *sword*. For I have been a brave soldier in the war for the Liberation of Humanity."

Both of these statements are half truths. In politics Heine was more a poet than a hero; and as a poet he was no more indifferent to fame than, say, Byron, whom he greatly admired, translated and emulated in his personal life. But for English-speaking readers, ignorant of the German language, his poetry can mean little. Only a poet as gifted as himself—perhaps A. E. Housman, among whose unpublished manuscripts there are some Heine translations—could make the poems sound in English like anything more than that deadliest of languages: translatese.

As a poet Heine is meaningful today only for those who can read him in German or in Gerard de Nerval's superb translation into French. As a Jew he has always been, at least among "good" Jews, a controversial symbol. He may not have been the "brave" revolutionist he thought himself, but certainly he "was a most effective soldier in the Liberation War for humanity." His timeliness today is that of a daring, brilliant crusader, satirist and critic. Always paradoxical, his lifelong love affair with the French was, perhaps, his one consistency.

"I was born at the end of the skeptical eighteenth century," Heine wrote, "in a town where not only the French, but also the genius of the French, ruled during my childhood: at Dusseldorf on the Rhine." Before 1795, when the French came to occupy Dusseldorf, the Jews were subjected to the most ignominious restrictions of the ghetto. In 1806, when Napoleon's brother-in-law became the new Grand Duke, he introduced the *Code Napoleon* which gave the Jews *Liberte* and *Egalite*. Thereafter Napoleon remained for Heine, as for Hazlitt in England, "the Revolution personified . . . the Moses of the French." As a child Heine once beheld the Emperor in person and throughout his life, when he thought of him, "all was summer and green and golden."

Not until 1815, when he was eighteen years old, did Heine experience the discrimination against Jews, which was again enforced after Napoleon's defeat. Ten years later he was driven to take a step, the ethic of which has never ceased being controversial. In 1825, when Heine finished his law studies at Gottingen, only Christians could practice law in Germany. So, to support himself and to help his family, he went through the ceremony of joining the Luth-

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eran Church. Shortly before his own baptism he had written about the conversion of a friend, "If he does it from conviction, he is a fool. If he does it for convenience, he is a scoundrel." Heine certainly was not a convert in any true sense. "No Jew can ever believe in the divinity of any other Jew," he said. Yet he complained at being "despised alike by Jews and gentiles" for his expedient act. Consistency would, perhaps, have been less painful. He never practiced law. The success of his *Reisebilder* released him from the necessity of that distasteful career

The first volume of *Reisebilder* (1826) included both prose and poetry. Starting off as a satire on the conventional guide-book, with a walking tour through the Harz mountains as background, the book is a marvelously spontaneous account of the landscape, of people, of fantasies and idea, impressions and emotions. In it Heine used the German language with an informality, a gusto, an originality that brought him immediate success. The second volume, even less a travel book than the first, was so daring in its political satire that it was banned throughout Germany. Nevertheless it was widely read. Not so the *Buch der Lieder,* which also appeared in 1827: the first edition of five thousand did not sell out for ten years. But a copy fell into the hands of Franz Schubert; and in the last year of his life he set six of Heine's *Lieder* to music now known the world over.

Heine's burst of fame or notoriety brought him little satisfaction. For the next three years he was at loose ends, ill and despondent. In the spring of 1830, with the news of possible revolution in France, he wrote, "For the last ten days I have communed only with Thiers and the good Lord; I am reading *The History of the Revolution* by one author and *The Bible* by the other." When he heard of the July Revolution he was wild with enthusiasm. "I am the son of the Revolution and I take up the charmed weapons blessed by my mother! . . . Words! Words like fiery stars to shoot from heaven, burning the palaces and lighting up the dark hovels! . . . I am all joy and song! All sword and flame!"

This fiery joy was almost immediately extinguished by the hideous pogrom that broke out in Hamburg, where he was then living. With the publication of the fourth volume of *Reisebilder* he laid himself open to charges of sedition. Warned that he was no longer safe in Germany, he finally made the decision he had been deliberating for several years. "I am packing my trunk and traveling to Paris," he wrote to a friend. "I will breathe the fresh air; I will consecrate myself to my new religion and perhaps receive the final ordination as its priest."

ON MAY 1, 1831, Heine crossed the Rhine, and only twice more in a quarter of a century would he recross it for brief visits to the Fatherland. Paris, which he had called "the new Jerusalem of Liberalism," in no way disappointed him. "In the air of Paris wounds are healed quicker than elsewhere; there is something as noble, as gentle, as sweet in the air as in the people themselves. . . . There is a legend that Parisian women are born with every possible fault, but that a good fairy takes pity on them, casting a spell over all their faults so that they seem to be additional attractions. This good fairy is Charm. . . ." To the magic of one of these fortunate women, whose only virtue seems to have been her charm, Heine soon succumbed. Try as he would he was unable to live without her for the rest of his life. He even eventually married her.

He soon found friends among the French—Balzac and George Sand, Dumas, Beranger, Berlioz. Theophile Gautier and Gerard de Nerval were his intimates. Musset never forgave Heine for calling him "a young man with a fine past." Victor Hugo, after a few meetings, found the German poet frivolous, lacking in respect, and refused to see him again. "In France my spirit is exiled, banished in an alien tongue," he may have written in a moment of homesickness. Yet Paris was the truest home he ever knew.

The very hospitality of the French led Heine indirectly into a situation which again raised doubts as to his integrity. It was a question of money. He had largely supported himself in Paris by articles for German newspapers on French art, theatre, music and politics which were later published in book form under the titles *Der Salon* and *Lutetia.* This source of income was cut off in December, 1835, when the Prussian Diet suppressed all his books, both past and future. The shock of this edict itself would have been a blow even to a man with some margin of financial security. But Heine, in addition to doctor's bills (the syphilis which gradually destroyed his body was already crippling), had to pay the debts of his vain, extravagant mistress. Therefore he accepted a pension of 4,800 francs per year from the French government, which had a secret fund for grants to distinguished and talented exiles. Because the fund was secret, and the names of the beneficiaries withheld until a new government came into power in 1848, it was assumed to be political. Therefore, in spite of his open criticism of the French government, Heine was charged with being in the pay of France and a traitor to his country. The accusation was not mitigated by his association with his fellow-exile, Karl Marx.

The two men had become friends soon after Heine's arrival in Paris. In 1844 the poet started contributing to *Vorwarts,* a weekly paper edited by Marx. The collaboration lasted only a short time. "This communism, so threatening to my peace of mind, so opposed to my interests, casts a spell over me," Heine said. "I cannot struggle against its logic. If I admit the syllogism, 'Every man has a right to eat,' then I must agree not only to the premise, but to all its implications and consequences. Let the old social order be destroyed. . . . Let right be done, though the world perish!" In spite of this dichotomy of spirit the poems that Heine contributed to *Vorwarts* were effective in their violence. Again the Prussian government intervened. All contributors to the paper were blacklisted. A warrant was issued against Heine in Germany. Marx was forced to leave Paris.

By the time the Revolution of 1848 broke out Heine was too ill and disillusioned to feel anything but despair. After the spring of that year he was never again able to leave what he called his "mattress-grave . . . a tomb without quiet, a death without the privileges of the dead. Dead men do not have to spend money, write letters or make books." After nearly three years of this living death his inconsistency again raised the question of the sincerity of his beliefs. Abandoning atheism, he "returned to that old superstition, a

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personal God." But the ritual of no church engaged him. His God was indeed highly personal. "When I cannot stand the pain I take morphine; when I am unable to look after my own affairs I hand them over to God. . . ." Whatever drugs he may have taken to lessen the pain of his wracked body and spirit, they never dimmed the brilliance of his mind. It shines even from these unpolished fragments of his writings.

THESE Gedanken und Einfalle *(Thoughts and Ideas) are included in Volume 10 of the 1915 edition of Heine's collected works. Previous editors have made no attempt to date them. I have chosen and grouped them arbitrarily.*

GERMANY

One must know all of Germany; one part is dangerous. It is the story of the tree whose leaves and fruit are a mutual antidote.

The German is like the slave who, without chains, without whip, obeys his master's merest word, his very glance. The condition of servitude is inherent in him, in his very soul; and worse than the physical is the spiritual slavery. The Germans must be set free from within. From without there is no help.

The Germans are now working on the improvement of their nationality, but they have started too late. By the time they have succeeded Nationalism will have ceased and they will have to give up their nationality without ever having profited by it like the French or the British.

I always regard a cathedral building as a plaything. I thought: a giant child like the German people deserves as colossal a toy as the Cologne cathedral. But now I think otherwise. I no longer believe that the German people is a giant child; it is a great adolescent boy with many natural gifts out of which no order will ever grow unless he makes earnest use of the present, while fixing his eyes on the future. We no longer have time either for pity or to carry out the dreams of the past.

Luther convulsed Germany—but Francis Drake calmed it down again. He gave us the potato.

Dangerous Germans! Suddenly they pull a poem out of their pockets or start a philosophical conversation.

The young girl says, "The gentleman must be very rich. He is so ugly." The public judges the same way. "The man must be very learned. He is such a bore." Hence the success of so many Germans in Paris.

FRANCE

The people of Paris set the world free without even accepting a tip for the job.

The new French literature is like the restaurant of the Palais Royal—one loses one's appetite if one hides in the kitchen and watches the ingredients and the preparation of the dishes. The dirty cook wears clean gloves when he carries up the hash on a clean platter.

If Montalembert were Minister and wanted to chase me out of Paris I would become a Catholic—"Paris vaut bien une messe."

The French are most trustworthy in revolution because they are positive and realistic. The dreamy German is apt one morning to make faces at you because he has dreamed that you insulted him or that one of your relatives has stepped on his grandfather's toe.

The French are so opposed to any dream world that one never dreams about them, only about the Germans.

RUSSIA

An alliance between France and Russia, considering the affinity between the two countries, would not be at all unnatural. In both countries the spirit of revolution rules; here in the masses, there concentrated in one person; here in republican, there is absolute form; here with freedom, there with civilization in mind; here swearing allegiance to ideal principles, there to practical necessity, but in both places revolutionary agitation against the past, which they despise and hate. The shears that cut off the beards of the Jews in Poland are the same as those that cut Louis Capet's hair in the Conciergerie. They are the shears of revolution, the scissors of censorship with which they remove not single sentences or articles from the book of life, but whole men, whole societies, whole nations.

Nicholas is so to speak an hereditary dictator. He shows the most complete indifference to anything traditional, superannuated or historical.

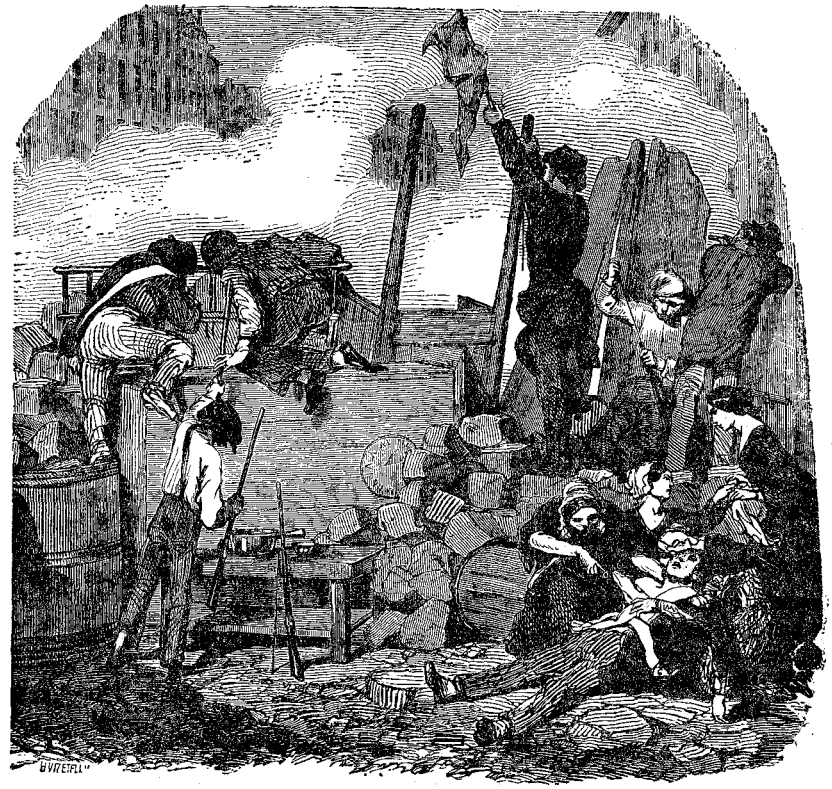
We should now lean on Russia, on the rod with which we were once punished.

THE STATE AND SOCIETY

Society is always a republic—the individual struggles up but the group forces him back.

Political Weather-vanes: They conjure up storms, relying for safety on their own mobility. They forget that once the storm-wind has blown down the tower where they are standing, their mobility will be of little use to them.

The new bourgeoisie wishes, in an orgy of pleasure, to empty the last beakers, like the old aristocracy before 1789.



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The Paris Barricades: 1848. Drawing by Gavarni

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They, too, already hear in the corridors the marble tread of the new Gods who, without knocking, will enter the banquet-hall and overturn the tables.

Demagogy, the Holy Alliance of the Peoples.

After the fat cows come the lean, after the lean no meat at all.

I will prophesy: one winter you will live through a revolution more terrible than any that went before. When blood starts running through the snow . . .

THE JEWS

Jewish history is beautiful, but the young Jews rouse prejudice against the old ones who should be placed high above the Greeks and Romans. I believe that if there were no more Jews and one example of the race were found in existence, people would travel for many days to see him, to shake hands with him—and now they are wearing us away.

When Europe was being Christianized only the Jews maintained their religious liberty.

It is characteristic that in the Jewish riots in Hamburg (in September, 1830) the revolutionists first completed their day's work and had an evening revolution. I was at Van Aken's [Zoo] during the tumult. The lion was quietest, elegantly indignant. The monkeys rejoiced, the snake coiled, the hyenas were restlessly greedy, the polar bear stretched out comfortably and waited. The chameleon kept changing his color every minute, red, blue, white—in the end actually tri-colored. The animals looked very human and reasonable in contrast to the human beings who raged like wild beasts. . . .

Never discuss Jewish relations. The Spaniard, who in his dreams spends every night with the Mother of God, never, out of delicacy, touches on her relation to God, the Father. The most immaculate conception is, after all, a conception.

RELIGION

Judaism—Aristocracy. One God has created and rules the world. All people are his children, but the Jews are his favorites and their land is his chosen dominion. He is a monarch, the Jews are the nobility and Palestine is God's exarchate.

Christianity—Democracy. One God who has created and who rules everything, but who loves all men alike and protects all kingdoms equally. Not a national God but a universal God.

Christendom has risen on the principles of compensation. Those who in their lifetime have been satiated with good fortune will in heaven suffer the inevitable indigestion. Those who have eaten too little will find themselves at a banquet and angels will tend the scars and welts of their earthly beatings.

Every religion, after its own fashion, guarantees consolation in suffering. With the Jews, hope: We are in captivity, Jehovah is angry at us, but he will send a saviour. With the Mohammedans, fatalism: No man escapes his destiny. It is written above on tablets of stone. Let us bear the inevitable with resignation. Allah il Allah. With the Christian, spiritual contempt of pleasure and joy, morose craving for heaven; on earth temptation for the wicked, above salvation.—What offers on the new faiths?

In earlier religions the spirit of the time was expressed through the individual and confirmed by miracles. In modern religions the spirit is expressed through the many and confirmed by reason. Now, since physics has been perfected, there are no longer any miracles. . . .

The Roman church is dying of the illness from which no one recovers: senile exhaustion. Wisely she declines all medical aid. Many an old man, in her long practice, has she seen die sooner than necessary because of the efforts of an energetic doctor. But her death-throes will last a long time. She will outlive all of us, the writer of this article, the printer who sets it up and even the little schoolboy who has come for the proof sheets.

In dark ages people are best guided by religion, as in a pitch-black night a blind man is the best guide; he knows the roads and paths better than a man who can see. When daylight comes, however, it is foolish to use blind, old men as guides.

God has given us no manifesto indicating life after death; nor did Moses speak of it. The pious are perhaps quite unfair to God in taking immortality so seriously. Perhaps with fatherly kindness, He wishes to give it to us as a surprise.

ART AND LITERATURE

A book, like a child, requires time. I have a definite prejudice against the author who scribbles off a book in a few weeks. No respectable woman brings a child into the world in less than nine months.

In the past a philosophy of history was impossible. Not until now have the materials been available—Herder, Bossuet, etc. I believe the philosophers will have to wait a thousand years before they can establish an organism of history. Until then I believe only the following can be assumed. First, I hold that, either in conflict or in alliance, the bases of history are human nature and conditions—the soil; climate; organized legislation; war; unpredictable and uncontrollable occurrences. But the label by which they are known, the spirit, the idea by which they permit themselves to be represented is the third controlling factor. Above all, that is true in our day, as it was in the middle ages. In history Shakespeare shows us only the effects of human nature and external circumstances. The idea, the third factor, never appears in his tragedies. Therefore there is much clearer characterization, and something eternal in his denouements, since in no period does human nature change. The same is true of Homer. The works of both poets are immortal. I don't believe they would have come out as well had they attempted to portray a period when an idea was being promulgated; for example the beginnings of Christianity, the time of the Reformation or the Revolution.

In the Romantic period people cared only for the perfume of the flower. In our time it is the budding fruit they love. Hence the trend toward the practical, toward prose and homemade bread.

Democracy will bring about the end of literature through freedom and equality of style. Each, according to his inclination, will be allowed to write as badly as he likes, yet no one will be allowed to surpass him stylistically nor to write better than he.

Democratic rage against the praise of love—Why sing about the rose, Aristocrat? Praise rather the democratic potato that nourishes the People.

A pure work of art seldom appears in a predominantly political period. Poets at such times resemble sailors in a stormy sea who catch sight of a cloister towering on a distant cliff. The white nuns stand there singing, but the storm drowns out their song.

The works of certain favorite writers of the day are not descriptions of nature but warrants for her arrest.

ETHICS

Sages invent new ideas. Fools circulate them.

Next to every thinker, a common man quietly going about his business; next to every manger where a Saviour, a world-shaking Idea, sees the light of day, stand oxen, feeding quietly.

Time modifies our opinions through constant association with the opposition. The policeman who stands by to censor the can-can finds it, in the long run, not so shocking, and would him-

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self like to join the dance. After long controversy with Catholicism the Protestant no longer finds it so outrageous and might even enjoy hearing a Mass.

Is there a day and night in history, as in nature? Dawn began with the third century of Christianity. Then came the melancholy sunset glow of the neo-Platonists. The middle ages were dark night. Now the light of day is dawning. I greet you, Phoebus Apollo! What dreams during that night, what ghosts, what sleep-walkers, what rioting in the streets, what violence and sudden death—Let me tell you about it.

Home of the Brave

PROFILES IN COURAGE. By John F. Kennedy. Harper and Brothers. $3.50.

By George Dangerfield

THE COURAGE examined in this book is the courage of elected representatives to pit their own best judgment against the wishes of their colleagues, or their constituents or the weight of public opinion. The very nature of representative institutions makes this exercise of the freedom of conscience not only a dangerous but a delicate matter; and Senator Kennedy would have been displaying courage above and beyond the call of duty if he had not presented in his final chapter a formidable list of reasons or occasions for not exercising it at all.

He draws his eight examples of political courage from the history of the Senate, beginning with John Quincy Adams' defection from the Federalists in 1807 and ending with Robert A. Taft's attack on the Nuremburg trials in 1948. As regards political philosophies, he is an eclectic—in the sense, at least, that any philosophy will serve to produce an act of courage. "I make no claim that all those who staked their careers to speak their minds were right."

Senator Daniel Webster, for example, is courageous because he supported the Compromise of 1850 and Senator Thomas Hart Benton is courageous because he opposed it. In other words, the test of courage is that one man exposed himself to damaging criticism in Massachusetts and the other to damaging criticism in Missouri. Benton was a blustering and passionate egocentric, which may have been a factor in his opposition: but it is well known that he was not only not an abolitionist but scarcely even a Free Soiler, and it is a fair assumption that he opposed the compromise out of a bitter and disinterested contempt for the slave power. Webster's "Oration of March the Seventh" was one of the greatest that even he ever delivered in point of rhetoric: but was he speaking only out of love for the Union, or did he have one eye on Southern support for the tariff? If he did—and the point is arguable—surely courage for the tariff is not quite so high as courage against the slave power.

Kennedy's eclecticism, none the less, compels him to the rather odd conclusion concerning his eight men that "Surely their courage was of equal value, though of different caliber." I take this to mean that there are no degrees of morality in moral courage, but only degrees of importance as regards the effect of an act of moral courage. Obviously, Senator Ross performed a more important act when he voted against the impeachment of President Johnson in 1868 than Senator Lamar did when he voted against the Bland-Allison Silver Bill in 1878: but, considering the relative virulence of the hatred which each man confronted, it seems reasonable to believe also that Ross's courage was of a higher moral value than Lamar's. It is difficult to say whether Senator Norris' filibuster against the Armed Ship Bill of 1917 was more important than Senator Adams' support of the Embargo in 1807—not only difficult to say, but absurd to try to say—but since Norris had everything to lose but his integrity and Adams had a good deal to gain, I should say that Norris' courage was the more moral.

Six of the eight examples of courage occurred before 1880. What this means as regards the Seventeenth Amendment, or the trend toward popular election of Senators which began in the '90s, it would be difficult to say: but it does seem to indicate that as society grows more highly organized, political personalities tend to become less apparently emphatic; and that, as techniques of government become more complex and impersonal, individualistic feats of courage are less noticeable and possibly less decisive. They are still just as necessary, perhaps more so; although one single feat is no test of statesmanship or political worth. The record as a whole is the test, or the final tendency of the record—Adams' great battle for the right of public petition, for example, or Norris' great fight for public electrification—and legislative success does not necessarily get the highest marks.

If one could draw a moral from this valuable if somewhat hasty book it would be contained in these words of George W. Norris: "Whatever use I have been to progressive civilization has been accomplished in the things I failed to do rather than in the things I did do." If the cause is humane and progressive, there is in the long run no such thing as failure. In the long run, of course, as J. M. Keynes said, we are all dead; but that was Norris' point. The greatest victories are won by men who never lived to see them, and never expected to.

GEORGE DANGERFIELD is the author of The Era of Good Feelings, *winner of a Pulitzer prize in 1953,* Victoria's Heir, The Strange Death of Liberal England *and other books.*

DR. B. LIBER

has been a general physician since 1904 and a psychiatrist since 1925. He has had an interesting life in his childhood, in his student years and later, as a doctor, writer and educator. He has participated in advanced movements both in Europe and in this country and yet has always been independent in his ideas and actions. Now, over eighty years old, he has written a book he believes should be read by every one:

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Viewpoint and Meaning

SPECULATIVE INSTRUMENTS. By I. A. Richards. The University of Chicago Press. $4.50.

By Jacob Korg

ALTHOUGH he looks at a variety of subjects, including history, education and literary criticism, in these essays, I. A. Richards' central concern is to show how linguistic studies can help to end the conflict between the sciences and the humanities.

According to Richards, whose work in the theory of meaning is generally recognized as one of the important advances in modern thought, the inherent flexibility of language is a leading cause of misunderstanding among scholars in different fields. When backgrounds are as decisively different as science and the humanities, disagreements about the meaning of crucial terms are almost inevitable. The poet and the scientist, for example, would have very different uses for such words as "being" and "connection." These variations in meaning, says Richards, are systematic; they can be studied. And the importance of doing so becomes clear when we realize that an understanding of these shifts would amount to no less than an understanding of the relations between the different disciplines.

Ideally, says Richards, the contributions of all fields of study should be included in a single view. Being both a psychologist and a literary critic, he can be expected to mediate impartially between the claims of scientific and humanistic studies. It seems especially significant, therefore, that he regrets the enormous influence of scientific method, especially when it is applied to such non-scientific problems as the nature of man.

The conclusions scholars reach about their problems depend on the modes of thought, or "speculative instruments," they use. The only ends that can be reached are those appropriate to their means. Since science studies man in terms of demonstrable influences, it must assume that he is no more than the sum of such influences. The humanities, on the other hand, see in the ideal man a ripeness and stability that is immune to all but the most profound experiences. Richards warns that the investigative resources provided by the humanities must not be sacrificed to science. "Intelligence," he once said, "helps man but does not run him."

A WAY in which semantics may help to clear up dissension among the studies is provided by an analysis primarily intended for problems of translation. A characteristic Richardsian diagram distinguishes seven kinds of meaning a communication may have, some of them appropriate to science, some to literature or religion. The translator's task is to determine which of these is appropriate to his purpose at a given time. In short, he must decide exactly what work he wants the utterance to do.

Speculative Instruments shows more clearly than any of Richards' earlier books a quality inherent in all of them. Despite his severely analytic methods, the fundamental motivation of his work is a genial humanism. The strongest hint of this attitude is to be found in the nature of such projects as Basic English and *How to Read A Page,* but it is also present in his most theoretical works. The theory of value in *Principles of Literary Criticism* is firmly man-centered. It takes as the criterion for success in a poem the organization of the reader's impulses into a coherent and harmonious system. The same spirit governs his new book. It undertakes the task of dispelling obscurity and improving the communicative power of language as a way of bringing men together and enabling them to learn and fulfill their potentialities.

JACOB KORG is a member of the Department of English at the University of Washington.

The Purge as Policy

THE PERMANENT PURGE, POLITICS IN SOVIET TOTALITARIANISM. By Zbigniew K. Brzezinski. Harvard University Press. $4.75.

By David T. Cattell

THE Russian Research Center at Harvard University is one of the few of many grandiose plans of production which has born fruit matching its original conception. All of the twenty volumes thus far published meet a high scholastic standard and make important contributions to the field of Slavic studies.

The Permanent Purge, the latest in the series, follows that tradition. Mr. Brzezinski has carefully combed the Soviet literature, both as issued by the Communist Party and the government in Moscow and also in the provincial capitals from about 1930 on, for pieces in the vast jigsaw puzzle comprising the operation and use of the purge by Soviet leaders. Many of the pieces are still absent and many may never be filled in—nevertheless a comprehensive picture of this dreadful and powerful instrument is chronologically presented and well documented in this study.

Mr. Brzezinski does not merely conclude that the purge has been a negative instrument which eliminates the opposition and suppresses the masses, the context in which it is traditionally discussed. He also shows it has been a positive element which prevents rigidity, allows for promotion within the hierarchy and serves as the means to release accumulated tensions at all levels of society in the Soviet Union. In fact its positive functions, even more than its negative features, have become so vital to the regime that the purge has become a permanent and integral part of the system. Like a hurricane, however, the self-expanding mechanism of the purge is the greatest danger to its employers because as it sucks in its victims at an accelerating momentum, it threatens to engulf its initiators and those whom it was intended to protect. Mr. Brzezinski shows this was the case of the "Great Purge" of 1936-8 in the Soviet Union. It was only the careful releasing of "safety valves" by the top leaders at the last minute which prevented total destruction of Stalin's Soviet system. Since this earlier storm Stalin and his successors have avoided similar holocausts and the

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purge, though it still remains part of the system, is under the tight control of its users. The author does not specifically discuss, however, the effects of the frequent admission by the top leaders that their subordinates and close associates have been spies.

ALTHOUGH the evidence brought forth in this book is more comprehensive than any previous study on the instrument of the purge in the U. S. S. R., the reader is left with only a vague notion of what the purge has meant in terms of the individual victimized by it. How often did it mean execution or the slave-labor camp? Or did it generally mean only transfer, demotion, removal to remote areas or reduction to menial labor? Did the consequences for those purged perhaps vary widely from time to time and from person to person? To see the purge in real terms as a special and permanent instrument, distinctions of this nature must be made explicit.

Mr. Brzezinski attempts by this study to do more than describe and analyze the purge in its Soviet context. In the introductory chapters, in particular, he discusses the general phenomena of totalitarianism and the place of the purge in it. He is on much less solid ground in this problem and has to rely heavily on previous studies. His investigation suffers in the main from two shortcomings. First, he attempts to derive definitive characteristics of totalitarianisms as a special development of the twentieth century from only two cases, Nazi Germany and Soviet Russia. Secondly, he considers totalitarianism a unique feature of the modern world and ignores all possible antecedents of this system. The idea of "total social impact" and conformity, however, is not unique. "The phenomenon of drastic internal change" is not only the outstanding feature of modern totalitarian societies but traditionally militant groups have sought to do much the same thing. For example, religious orders such as Islam, the Teutonic Knights and the Calvinists by their very nature were not content to assume just political domination over peoples, as were the absolute monarchs. but insisted on invading and forcing conformity on the private lives of the citizenry as well. Modern communications may make the job in some ways easier—although even the Communists have found that personal conversion through individual agitators is still the best method—but the fundamental pattern is much the same: the desire to bring about the absolute subordination of all society to an idea by using the instrument of the purge.

Even though Mr. Brzezinski's study lacks historical perspective, its excellent analysis of the purge as used by Soviet leaders during the last twenty-five years makes it an important book.

Recent Fiction

THE TRUMPET UNBLOWN. By William Hoffman. Doubleday and Company. $3.95.

THE HEARTH AND THE STRANGENESS. By N. Martin Kramer. The Macmillan Company. $4.50.

By Stanley Cooperman

IN THE NOVELS of World War I, war itself was the villain; in the fiction of World War II, it became little more than environment. Human behavior under conditions of mass slaughter no longer shocked novelists, who confined their treatment of war to clinical-technical reporting, and achieved narrative drama through psychological and political tensions. In *The Trumpet Unblown,* however, a novel of the World War II Medical Corps, the earlier themes reappear: disillusion, despair and final indifference. The result is an overture to a Lost Generation. Unfortunately, the Lost Generation has come and gone, and William Hoffman's novel, despite moments of considerable power, all too often reads like a period piece.

Hoffman's central figure is almost a prototype of the World War I hero: a naive young man of genteel background, with strong ideals of personal honor and moral values, who is destroyed by the butchery and immorality of a conflict which violates his conception of what war ought to be. "He himself was out of date, requiring a war with lance and armor or even the clean glamor of a plane," Mr. Hoffman tells us of his hero, and in the process very neatly sums up his book. As the gradual degeneration of Private Tyree Shelby takes place, as Shelby goes through the agony of disillusion and (quite inevitably!) arrives at negative and emotional scar-tissue, he seems not so much a descendant as a contemporary of the anguished young men in the World War I books of Dos Passos, Boyd or Faulkner.

There is, of course, Hemingway as well, in narrative doses that increase in cynicism and bitterness as Shelby's scar-tissue becomes solidified. Shelby accuses religion of being complacent, war rhetoric of being false, noble motives of being base. Each indictment, however, will be endorsed by most readers altogether too easily, so that much of the im-

STANLEY COOPERMAN is a member of the Department of English at Indiana University and associate editor of Folio.

SAUL MALOFF, a free-lance editor and critic, formerly taught English at the Universities of Iowa, Michigan and Indiana.

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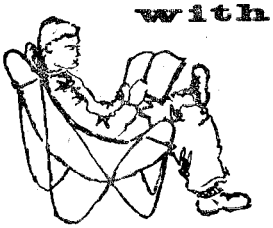

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pact is softened. Hoffman's documentary effects are, to be sure, vivid and bloody enough, but these are only temporarily diverting. There is, unavoidably, the familiar story of a clean-cut boy soldier dirtied by nasty men soldiers in a nasty thing called war.

HEREDITARY insanity provides the drama in this first novel by N. Martin Kramer. The subject itself, of course, is always good for excitement, and in *The Hearth and the Strangeness* validates several aberrations and one murder. Covering the misfortunes of an entire family over a period of fifty years, Kramer is able to catalogue and comment upon a regiment of eccentricities to his own delight, and, occasionally, his readers'.

Unfortunately, Kramer reduces his hapless heroes and thwarted heroines to objects of a rather sophomoric irony, and so eliminates any tension or tragedy which may be lurking in his book. One cannot sneer at individuals and feel anything at all for them, even if they are suffering under various psychopathic pressures. Kramer's insistence on puncturing each climax with a "clever" remark or invitation to shrug, amounts to a curious emotional deviousness; he places his characters in potentially tragic situations only to retreat behind a facade of "smart" commentary.

Mr. Kramer introduces the situation of Corinne, for example, in the following manner:

> With that sincerity so touching by its very completeness, its wonderful lack of reservation, with that wholehearted earnestness peculiar to pregnant college freshmen, Corinne Grange prayed to God.

It is difficult to imagine what attitude he is trying to evoke. Certainly the girl's trouble is real enough, and it later becomes clear that her agony is real enough; yet Kramer seems to insist—by the very quality of his narrative—upon a strained superciliousness. And here he is defending one of his characters against the charge of being an intellectual:

> She was shamelessly addicted to the use of soap and water, and she stubbornly refused to admit that to be born was to have been visited with profound misfortune. And never even for a moment had she seriously considered becoming either a Communist or a Roman Catholic. So there ought to have been no question at all about calling her an intellectual.

Whatever Kramer thinks of "intellectuals" his book stamps him as a breed of intellectual himself, despite the fact that one assumes he washes. His book—from its pretentious structure of multiple time sequence to its psychological case-histories—is an example of the posture of vacuous negativism very much current among young "writing men" who have not yet convinced themselves that anything is worth writing about.

FRENCH GIRLS ARE VICIOUS AND OTHER STORIES. By James T. Farrell. The Vanguard Press. $3.50.

GLENPORT, ILLINOIS. By Paul Darcy Boles. The Macmillan Company. $4.50.

By Saul Maloff

READING James Farrell's latest volume of short stories is a disconcerting experience: there is about it a posthumous quality, as though some devoted friend had rummaged through the desk of the suddenly-departed and, overcome with feeling, could not bring himself to suppress anything. As a lamentable result, the book seems made up of literary remains, of fragments and abandoned notes for stories the author would have liked to tell. A reader meeting Farrell for the first time in these stories will not believe that he is a writer whom we regarded not so long ago as important.

For what that reader will find here are some small increments Farrell has gathered at intervals from his old working capital. Even though the action of some of the stories takes places against the background of the "international scene," no old reader of Farrell will be led to suppose that the writer's range has become extended: Paris and Venice are merely different names for Chicago; a South Side tavern and a Left Bank cafe are incidental set-pieces to an action that could take place in either—or in neither. The locale of Farrell's world enterprises is never a shaping force or morally significant atmosphere. The Chicago and Greenwich Village of "Ruth and Bertram," a story which is really a compilation of notes and jottings, would have done for any story in the book.

Nor has the style matured, or even in any way changed: it has not even deteriorated. It is still the same flat, tiresome journalese, the linear *telling* of a series of events in time, without shadow or depth or irony or even the power that can sometimes exist without the abundance of these. It is raw material (for what, one cannot easily say) that is untouched by art, that is uncreated.

Twenty years ago a validating conjunction of the time and the circumstances enabled us to forgive the heedless ineptitudes of the Studs Lonigan and Danny O'Neill books, allowed us in fact to accept them with pride (others may have the style and the art, but what are those; these have the power and the truth). Much writing of the thirties got by because of a misunderstanding of what literature is, through a misconstruction of the term "naturalism." But now, when we are no longer confused by quasi-literary doctrine, we are no longer willing to forgive bad writing, or a vision which is never superior to that of the least of us.

THE THESIS of Paul Darcy Boles's long and tedious novel is that there was a time (oddly enough, most of the book's events take place between the years 1929-1939) when a boy could grow up to become a good man, having been a good boy, and the simple virtues were still practiced by simple people in the still possible garden of the small town, just beyond the blight of the city. The boy loves the town (which, although it is the protagonist, is never realized) as other men have loved

SPRING BOOK ISSUE

April 14

Reinhold Niebuhr
A Critical Profile
by Walter Muelder

Dean, Boston University School of Theology

Also essays and criticism by Edmund Wilson, May Sarton, Tom Driberg, Maxwell Geismar, Josephine Herbst, Harold Clurman and others.

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women, or truth—with the difference that one is not made to understand why. And he loves his pre-Freudian parents, who utter exclamations like: "Holy Toledo!" and "Holy Henry Harry Morgan!" as he loves his dog and the prettiest girl in school.

Mr. Boles, remembering that it is a venerable American literary tradition to say hard things about the small town, confesses that even here some are occasionally cruel, or unhappy, or vicious. But matters never get entirely out of hand: the arthritic saint who is the village cop is always there to save the lovely sad girl from drowning herself and to protect small boys from a prowler. What we are shown—inadvertently—is that in our lost Eden, the village, all that good country air could not possibly save us from suffocation.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

AARON COPLAND once told how, when at an early age he announced that he intended to become a composer, his friends and relatives asked his opinion of every "musical" manifestation within earshot, including the fiddling of the neighborhood virtuoso, the singing of itinerant tenors, the tunes of the passing hand organ and the harmonica playing of the boys in the candy store. When Copland assured his questioners that he held no opinion on these matters, his attitude seemed particularly insulting to them.

A dramatic critic is likewise expected to pass judgment on practically everything that is exposed on a platform in the way of professional entertainment. I must confess my inability to do so. I harbor no contempt for the spectacles in which I have little interest. My indifference to them is not snobbish: on the contrary, to attempt a close critical scrutiny of them would seem to me like presumption and hypocrisy.

The several plays I saw during the past week do not exactly belong to the category to which I refer, but I find it difficult to develop any strong feeling about them either way. In fact I was rather shocked—though I understood—when I saw a certain critical colleague from a kindred weekly journal walk out after the first act of one of the shows in a state of indignation.

Noel Coward's *Fallen Angels* (Playhouse), a play first presented in New York in 1927 and a failure then, is essentially an extended revue skit passing itself off as a bit of bright sophistication. Hermione Gingold guyed it in its London revival two seasons ago, and Nancy Walker does the same here. The ladies' buffoonery is the only excuse for both revivals, and is undoubtedly a benefit for which Coward, at any rate, should be grateful.

Nancy Walker is funny. She has become increasingly deft since her first success in *On the Town* ten years ago. I prefer her in straight revues and musicals where her material can be terser and more topical than in her present vehicle. It might however be instructive to a student of comedy technique to note the manner in which, bit by bit, Miss Walker makes Coward's dialogue disappear amid her antics. By the middle of the second act one doesn't hear or listen to a word: one simply becomes fixed on the eccentric and disjointed gyrations of this tough and somehow sad lady clown. One laughs and goes home slightly melancholy.

TIME LIMIT by Henry Denker and Ralph Berkey (Booth Theatre) is not so easily summed up. It is a journalistic melodrama on a theme of psychological and possibly social interest. It makes a point—to the effect that we should be more understanding of the confessed traitors who are broken by the terrible ordeal of a Communist brain-washing. Soldiers who go over to the enemy under such conditions may have been brave men up to the very last, but almost every human being has his breaking point. We must not condemn such men without examining their conduct and history before the betrayal.

The audience at the Booth is sympathetic to the argument and is absorbed by the investigatory tech-

GOOD READING

Here are some books recently reviewed in *The Nation*, or scheduled for review, which you might enjoy. You can order these, or any book of your choice, from our Reader's Service Department. (See below).

PROFILES IN COURAGE
by John F. Kennedy
Harper and Brothers, $3.50

A FRENCHMAN EXAMINES HIS CONSCIENCE
by Jules Romains
Essential Books, $3.00

THE GRAND MADEMOISELLE
by Francis Steegmuller
Farrar, Straus and Cudahy, $3.75

THE PERMANENT PURGE
by Zbigniew K. Brzezinski
Harvard, $4.75

THE VOICE OF THE DESERT
by Joseph Wood Krutch
William Sloane Associates, $3.75

THE ALCHEMIST'S VOYAGE
by Calvin Kentfield
Harcourt, Brace and Company
$3.95

THE PATTERN OF WORLD CONFLICT
by G. L. Arnold
Dial Press, $4.00

THE SANE SOCIETY
by Erich Fromm
Rinehart and Company, $5.00

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nique employed to reveal the facts. The argument is simplified by making the central character a man who "went over" only to save the lives of his fellow Americans. He is therefore an innocent man, no traitor at all, and the only guilty man in his outfit is a minor character who is killed by his comrades because his weakness under torture has led him to betray them. Thus the play's point is really made by indirection—once more we are asked to be tolerant of the innocent!—and "proof" is adduced apart from the main story line.

My response to such a play must be feeble because its characters are no more alive than the people mentioned in a *Time* magazine review of the weekly political news: the writing is routine, and the general presentation of the material has the quality of second-hand reporting. There is something old-fashioned and lacklustre in the nature of the play's theatricality.

In the thirties, plays of this sort—generally presented off Broadway—aroused the enthusiasm of partisan supporters and the respect of those who wanted to see the contemporary scene mirrored on the stage. But nowadays, though such an audience still exists and such plays have their place, one hopes for greater imaginative vitality in the form and greater intelligence and sensibility in the content.

The cast—headed by Arthur Kennedy and Richard Kiley—is better than competent, but since most of the scenes call for straightforwardness of attack rather than subtlety of acting, there is not much more to say about the production, except for the ingenuity of Ralph Alswang's set which moves from an office to a P. O. W. camp in the twinkling of an eye.

Films

Robert Hatch

THE HERO of *Samurai* deserts the girl who has waited for years on the promise of his love; instead, he dedicates himself to pilgrimage and the ascetic wisdom of a warrior priest. The heroine of *Golden Demon* rejects her lover, a poor youth of high virtue and promise, to marry a rich scoundrel; she must not explain that by this choice her valiant lover will receive the money for the education his merits deserve. In the first case, I am offended by a point of view that says a man should forsake his dearest ally for the sake of his own improvement. And in the second, I am made restless by a plot contrived for easy Victorian tears.

But I am not eager to judge these pictures, for I know I am reacting by analogy. All art is a shorthand that presupposes a shared culture, and even small shifts of focus can distort the communication almost beyond deciphering. Consider what feats of imagination you must employ to understand what makes a Frenchman indignant or a German merry, and you will appreciate a reluctance to comment on what is noble or tragic to a Japanese.

Rashomon was enigmatic and *Gate of Hell* was physically beautiful. They suggested little in our own experience and we were content to marvel. Perhaps that was luck. These later pictures, at any rate, look more familiar than we have any right to assume they are. When the hero of *Samurai*, in his unregenerate youth, hacks his way with a broadsword through an ambush of twenty well-armed, well-armored mercenaries—many of whom appear to fall dead from heart attack, no blow having been struck—I am inclined to laugh. When he does this a half dozen times, I cannot help looking at my watch in the dim light from the screen. It may be a respectable Oriental convention (like the grimaces and the bestial howls), but it looks exactly like routine horse opera. So also the Samurai's reformation looks like brain-washing and the renunciation of his beloved looks doctrinaire and callous. I can say only what it looks like, and confess I saw no more.

The distributors of *Golden Demon* (money, that is) provide a little background on their picture. It is taken from a novel written by one Koyo Ozaki about 1900. The book, they say, marks the beginning of modern fiction in Japan and its hero and heroine are as much household names in Tokyo as are Romeo and Juliet in the West. Mr. Ozaki may have been a spontaneous romancer, but it is easy to suspect that he was well read in the lady novelists who instructed the girlhood of our grandmothers. His plot is not only familiar; it is predictable: the heroine is scorned, abused, humiliated and traduced by her scapegrace husband; the hero, embittered beyond endurance by her jilting, throws decency away and becomes rich in his own right by grinding the faces of the poor. But retribution strikes him in the form of an incendiary debtor and his wealth goes up in a bonfire (the fire department is as colorful as it is inefficient). Hero and heroine meet in the ashes, he reviles her once again and she makes straight for the nearest body of drowning water. But no—his soul hears her despairing soul; he is reborn on the instant and off he lopes to save that true heart before it has quite ceased beating. I grant that this may profoundly touch a Japanese—but not one who has read the works of Marie Corelli. The picture is in remarkably poor color, remembering the glory of *Gate of Hell*.

WITH *The Benny Goodman Story* the reviewer is back in his own culture, such as it is, and can say what he thinks. The picture is remarkable for the resemblance which Steve Allen, a television personality of incalculable popularity, bears to the Benny Goodman of twenty years ago and for the patience with which he has learned to mimic his subject's bandstand mannerisms. It is remarkable for nothing else. The musical passages cover almost every tune associated with Goodman's name and they are played by a band dominated by the old Goodman quartet (Teddy Wilson, Gene Krupa, Lionel Hampton and the clarinet of Goodman dubbed in). The bounce is missing and you can hear this legendary jazz better on records. The biographical elements of the film are pure studio "treatment": a little success, a little failure, a little hope, a little sorrow—and then, bang!, our boy hits the jackpot of fame and love. Goodman is a good musician and he came up in the heyday of jazz—from river boats to Carnegie Hall. His life *must* have been more than a platitude.

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Records

B. H. Haggin

MY FIRST HEARING of the Russian pianist Gilels has been provided by the performance of Chopin's Sonata Op. 35 that he recorded in New York last October (Angel 35308). The playing is very competent, but does not impress me as being in any way extraordinary or distinguished, as Oistrakh's playing did when I first heard it on records; and I have heard richer resources and refinements of technique and musicianship in the performances of the American pianists Grant Johannesen and Webster Aitken, whose playing exhibits a clean and finished execution, a continuous melodic legato, that Gilels' does not. Three Shostakovitch Preludes are also on the record.

Technical and musical gifts more impressive than Gilels' are exhibited by the young Canadian pianist Glenn Gould in Bach's *Goldberg Variations* on Columbia ML-5060—though I must add that the performance is not quite what is described in the "rave review" quoted on the record envelope. Gould plays most of the variations with clarity of texture and continuity of outline, and a few with dazzling speed that is too great for clarity; but a performance of this work stands or falls by what it does with the three slow variations in minor, and Gould plays them without the inflection I have heard create such powerful tensions and expressive effect on some other occasions.

The two records of Angel 3538 offer several engaging and at times lovely works of Pergolesi—six Concertini for strings, a Sonata in the style of a concerto, a Sinfonia for cello and strings—in which one hears string playing by I Musici that is amazing in its transparency and beauty of blended tone, its refinement of phrasing.

And on Columbia ML-5003 the New Music Quartet does some of its superb playing in Mozart's Quartets K.155, 156, 157 and 158. These are small-scale works written at the age of sixteen, before even the earliest of the symphonies and concertos in which he exhibits the operation of his matured powers. But even the least interesting of the four, K.155, has occasional lovely details; K.156, the best, has an astonishing and amusing development in its opening movement, a good slow movement, a charming minuet finale; and the other two have affecting slow movements in minor.

London DTL-93037 offers Bach's Passacaglia, his Toccata and Fugue in D minor, the Prelude and Fugue in E flat from the *Clavieruebung*, and the Prelude and Fugue in A for organ, played by Gaston Litaize. Except for the pauses in the Passacaglia the performances are good; and except for the thick and blurred sound of the Prelude in E flat they are reproduced clearly.

Marie-Claire Alain also indulges in the pauses I don't like in Bach's Passacaglia, and speeds up the concluding fugue, in her performance on Haydn Society 159; and her tempos also seem to me too fast in the Prelude and Fugue in F minor. In addition I find the sound of the organ very ugly.

I HEARD Myra Hess when she first visited this country in 1922, and was charmed by the youthful warmth and simplicity of her playing; and for some years I continued to enjoy her performances of music that lent itself to her warmly intimate style. There came a time when she attempted the monumental in pianistic utterance, like Beethoven's Sonata Op. 111, and the fake monumental, like Brahms's D minor Concerto and F minor Sonata, to which she applied a new portentous style. With this pretentiousness, and with also its sentimentality and archness, the "matured" Hess playing was something I lost interest in; but a couple of years ago I was agreeably surprised to hear again—in a recorded performance of Mozart's Concerto K.271 with Casals—the warm, unaffected musicality that had charmed me in the beginning. This led me to attend her recent recital in Carnegie Hall, where I avoided hearing the performance of Brahms's F minor Sonata, but was impressed by a matured operation of a different kind—the highly accomplished, fully worked out, definitely achieved performances of Bach's Adagio in G and Toccata in D and Beethoven's Sonata Op. 31 No. 2. It was an impressive operation whether one agreed with the treatment of the music or not; and much of it—the playing of the Allegros and recitative-like passages of the toccata, the Adagio of the sonata—I found very effective. But some things I could not go along with: the romantic to the point of sentimental treatment of the slow middle section of the toccata; the slowing down of the "second subject" of the first movement of the sonata, which destroyed

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the momentum and intensity that should be sustained; the stodgy accenting of the first beat of every measure in what should be the gracefully flowing finale of the sonata.

Letters

On Roy Campbell

Dear Sirs: In a review of Roy Campbell's "Selected Poems" which appeared in The Nation of December 10, Mr. John Ciardi remarked that "only the accident of writing in the wrong language could have kept him [Roy Campbell] from being drafted as Poet Laureate of the Third Reich." It is true that Campbell fought as a volunteer in the Nationalist armies during the Spanish Civil War; it is also true that he fought as a volunteer, and was severely wounded, in the British army in World War II. He enlisted in both cases because he felt that each was a war against a form of totalitarianism—he admits, however, that after Yalta he wasn't so sure about World War II. I consider Mr. Ciardi's remark not only stupid and libelous but extremely cowardly, and I am sure that any fair-minded person would feel the same way about it.

In the first paragraph of his review Mr. Ciardi also remarks that "no poet writing in English . . . has presented a mind—to me at least—more despicable, a mind compounded of storm-trooper arrogance, Seig Heil piety, and a kind of Nietzschean rant sometimes mixed with a ponderously uncomical sense of satire." Mr. Ciardi, it must be said, did have the decency to make this rather broad generalization as a personal opinion. I don't know Mr. Ciardi, but I do know, and greatly admire, Roy Campbell. Anyone who can find the mind of Roy Campbell despicable says much more about himself—and his own mind—than about Roy Campbell.

HENRY REGNERY

Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Ciardi's Reply

Dear Sirs: I have read Mr. Regnery's letter and I am not much impressed. Mr. Regnery's views are in his letter; mine are in the review as written.

JOHN CIARDI

Metuchen, N. J.

Stop the Tests

Dear Sirs: This one common man has an unoriginal plan but it perhaps will be one step toward disarmament and a lessening of the nuclear cold war. Each citizen who reads this letter is urged to write the Atomic Energy Commission requesting that the coming nuclear tests be abandoned. Put into your own words the uselessness of periodic tests, which only prove that man can wipe out civilization in a few hours. It will only cost us a few minutes of our time and a three- or six-cent stamp.

TIM KENDALL

Walnut Creek, Calif.

"Mr. Dulles Should Go"

Dear Sirs: Your editorial, Mr. Dulles Should Go, in the December 17 issue is very much in order, except that it is not strong enough. Mr. Dulles has been Secretary of State for three years. His ideas and methods largely prevailed during three additional years under Mr. Acheson's administration. Result: most of the world's nations are unfriendly to us, and a great many of them hate us. It is probably safe to say that a billion and a half of the world's people hate us.

We need not bother to analyze the cause. The fact is evident and is sufficient. A change of Secretaries is absolutely essential before we can even make a start toward correcting this highly unfortunate situation.

IRA D. CARDIFF

Yakima, Wash.

Further Explanation

Dear Sirs: In a letter in your December 3 issue, Mr. Samuel E. Cooper, a city councilman from Newark, N. J., objects to my July 16 story on the House Committee on Un-American Activities probe conducted in that city last spring. Specifically, Cooper insists that my reporting that he, as the author of a witch-hunting proposal in the city council, was "forced to resign as president of the New Jersey Region of the American Jewish Congress" was "a deliberate . . . lie."

In a letter to me dated December 14, 1955, an official of the New Jersey Region of the American Jewish Congress, the widely esteemed Dr. Joachim Prinz, the rabbi of Temple B'nai Abraham, notes that "unfortunately, the wording of The Nation article is misleading." But he goes on to point out that the Newark press during the period about which I wrote carried stories in which Rabbi Prinz, not Councilman Cooper, was listed as the president. Rabbi Prinz states that I cannot be blamed for assuming that Cooper had resigned, and explains: "In reality there was no formal resignation nor was it demanded. What happened was that I asked Judge Cooper to allow me to act as president of the Region for as long as he chose to sponsor legislation in City Hall which was in direct opposition to American Jewish Congress policy. Since he agreed to do so, I acted as the president of the Region until Judge Cooper withdrew his proposals."

CHARLES R. ALLEN, JR.

Trenton, N. J.

Canute in Georgia

Dear Sirs: Editorial observation by The Red and Black, campus publication of the University of Georgia: "We wonder if it is true that, since the Supreme Court has ruled segregation on public beaches unconstitutional, Governor Griffin really is going to try to close the Atlantic Ocean."

JONATHAN SEAMAN

Atlanta, Georgia.

ERRATUM

The editors regret a typographical error which marred Richard Wilbur's poem, "Fall in Corrales," published in the issue of January 21. The third stanza properly reads:

Now as these light buildings of summer begin
To crumble, the air husky with blown tile,
It is as when in bald April the wind
Unhoused the spirit for a while:

New New Orleans

(Continued from inside cover)

of the state is in the political empire of Leander Perez, Louisiana's top Dixiecrat. In Plaquemine and St. Bernard parishes Perez has been able to "deliver" vote majorities in key elections that exceeded the total population. Those whites who oppose Perez—and all Negroes—have been virtually disenfranchised by a vote registrar whose books are never open when they arrive.

New Orleans, always the scarlet sister among Southern cities, might yet become nursemaid to a stripling regional virtue. As the *Southern Patriot,* bulletin of the Southern Conference Educational Fund, observed: "Here, because of the religious and racial diversity of the population and because of a cosmopolitan culture, there is a chance to balk the forces that have prevailed in Georgia, South Carolina and Mississippi. There is even a chance that a new Southern 'tradition'—one of decency in human relations—may be born here." ALFRED MAUND.

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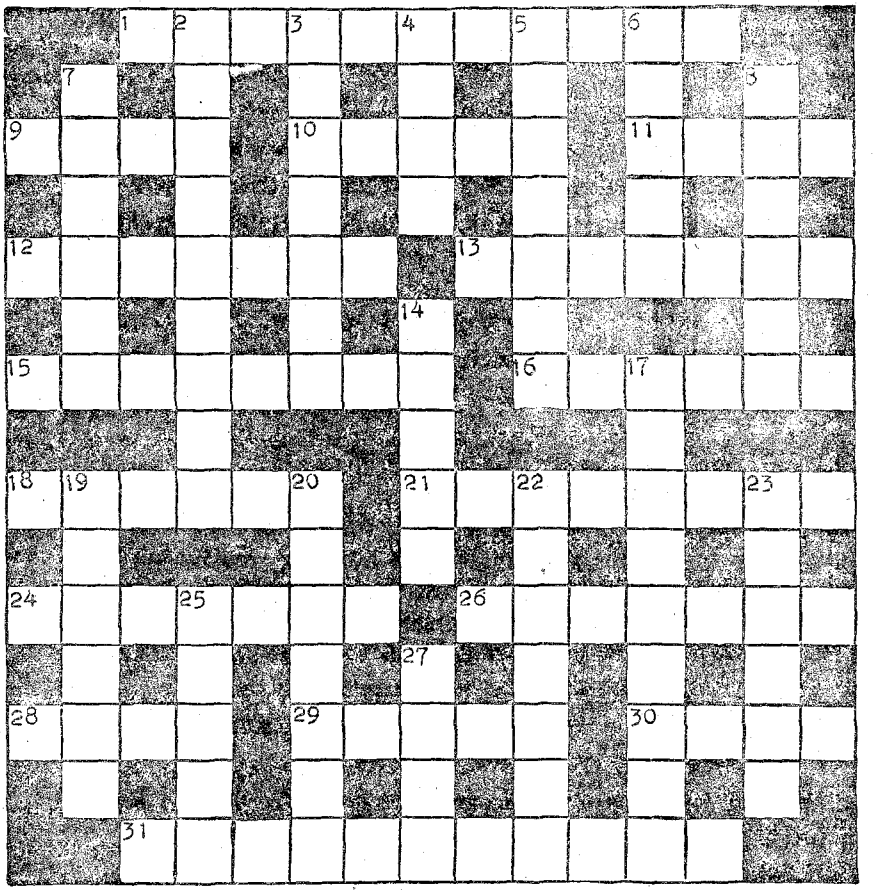
Crossword Puzzle No. 658

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 The first of his name belies the epithet, but his 24 is famous. (4, 7)
9 Certain to be extremely like 7. (4)
10 and 14 down Catherine L. evidently can't be guilty. (2, 3, 5)
11 See 22 down
12 This play obviously has its own tour. (3, 4)
13 Benny seems to be a pretty nice fellow. (7)
15 It might involve barley at delivery, when fraudulent. (8)
16 If you turn around in here, you'll get the measurement of such places, perhaps. (6)
18 Scoops up food for thought? (6)
21 Their power is decisive. (8)
24 You might even find a clam an informative thing! (7)
26 and 25 down Check the pace and add a profit, on a recurring basis. (4, 3, 5)
28 Heralds don't get any money in England, as she proves. (4)
29 An employer might be. (5)
30 and 27 down Sounding allied to a cherry and a type of cherry. (8)
31 Not fine enough to be a type of 3? (Some of its users came north some time ago.) (11)

DOWN

2 Behave like they did to Peron! (Men sometimes advance on one.) (9)
3 Storm passage. (7)
4 The progression of 22 and 11 without a grabber. (4)
5 What the farmer laid at rest? (It still might be kicking, however.) (7)
6 Sailor extremely free of anything fanatical. (5)
7 Sew up Guido's "do" in 9. (6)
8 It seems as though my friend dined in good taste. (6)
14 See 10 across.
17 This isn't what a peasant might get stuck with! (6, 3)
19 Pigeon or canary (with a cylindrical body?) (6)
20 Of course the fancy work inside makes for development! (7)
22 and 11 across Put pressure on, as Goldilocks might do with herself. (5, 2, 4)
23 How to make a wild animal tear around when you call. (4, 2)
25 See 26 across
27 See 30 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE 657

ACROSS: 1 MACHIAVELLIAN; 10 ALBUMEN; 11 PROVISO; 12 ENTRIES; 13 ORIOLES; 14 NOSEGAY; 15 THE CRAB; 16 HOBBEMA; 20 OPEN TOE; 23 UNHITCH; 24 HAMMOCK; 25 DEMEANS; 26 LINCOLN; 27 BATTING ORDERS DOWN; 2 ARBUTUS; 3 HEMMING; 4 AMNESTY; 5 EXPLOIT; 6 LEONINE; 7 AXILLAR; 8 HARE AND HOUNDS; 9 HOUSEBREAKING; 17 BOHEMIA; 18 EXTRACT; 19 ACHESON; 20 OTHELLO; 21 ERMINED; 22 TWO-DOOR.

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